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The Journal

THE LITERARY PUBLICATION OF WOFFORD COLLEGE
FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER - - - 1933

THE NIEBELUNGENLIED
By
HERBERT HUCKS

MONARCH OF ALL
By
JOHN B. CANNON

THE THIRD ESTATE
By
F. R. ATKINSON

POETRY
By
G. A. BAKER, L. M. CECIL
DAVID PEELE

BOOK REVIEWS
By
J. M. BENNETT L. M. CECIL
JOHN B. CANNON

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VOLUME 44 NUMBER 1

The Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

VOLUME 44 NUMBER 1

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF:

"One who never turned his back, but marched
Breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, tho right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph.
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better
Sleep to wake."

DR. ARTHUR GAILLARD REMBERT
1860-1933

Spell 34

EDITORIAL

Geneva or Versailles?

At the opening of the last session of the disarmament conference, the president, Arthur Henderson, said that the chief task was "to arrive at a collective agreement on an effective program of practical proposals speedily to secure a substantial reduction and limitation of all national armaments". A few months later the conference adjourned for its long summer recess, with admittedly little progress made toward disarmament. During the time of adjournment world trade continued its alarming decline, and economic conditions saw little change for better, and the equally burdensome taxation, which armaments have laid upon us, has not been made lighter. Yet we hear and read that in the opening of the fall session, Germany, upon whom rests part of the responsibility for world peace, has abruptly left the conference and has withdrawn from "The League of Nations." Thus conditions are more complex at Geneva at this moment than they have ever been since the first disarmament conference.

In that last conference many plans and proposals were set forward. Apparently all were insignificent and upon none were there any agreement of definiteness. The chief points of agreement were: The limitation of aerial attacks upon civilian population. This was set aside because it had to wait upon limitations of military and commercial aircraft. Therefore limitations of such forces are not likely. It was also agreed that limitation of artillery and tanks should be accomplished but no limitation was reached. From one tool of warfare to another they moved, and in the end there was no definite limitation, which means that in case of war every demon of destruction is legitimate.

At the end of the World's War it took the allied experts only forty-eight hours to decide what constituted an offensive weapon in the hands of the vanquished. Yet, fourteen years later these same nations cannot decide what is offensive in their own hands. The whole situation is this, in that conference is selfishness of the rankest sort, gross nationalism and suspicion everyone for his neighbor. No nation is willing to lay down any weapon or discharge any soldier that might prove advantageous to herself.

The people of the world want peace, yet peace is less imminent now than it has been. Congressman McSwain, chairman of military affairs, says that the U. S. must build a greater air force. Naval men are clamor-

ing for a larger navy. All along the frontiers of the nations of the world the watchmen are on the walls looking for the enemy. We cannot have peace as long as that attitude exists. We can only have economic stagnation, heavy burdens of taxation, and a race of inferior physical manhood, because generation after generation, through the years that nations have existed, has been slain on the field of battle fighting for a cause that never existed. Democracy, national honor, patriotism, are mere words in the mouths of selfish nations who are led by men who would build a monument to their name with the bones of dead men and who would write their deeds on history pages with the blood of the nation's manhood. The last war was fought, they said, to make the world safe for democracy. Today that is merely a phrase, and the world is nearer to another Versailles than the havens of Geneva.

Echo

CONTRIBUTED

Tonight if from your window,
You see a yellow moon,
And you feel the breezes blowing,
And hear the crickets croon,
Remember dear, I'm watching
From my window too,
And my heart re-echoes,
The message sent from you.

The Niebelungenlied

HERBERT HUCKS, JR.

The Neibelungenlied has probably excited more universal interest than any other German poem. It was written during the Middle High German period by an unknown writer about the year 1200 A. D.

This story of the hero Seigfried and his "tale of woe" was told "not only on the banks of the Rhine and Danube and upon the upland plains of Southern Germany, but also along the rocky fjords of Norway, among the Angles and Saxons in their new homes across the channel and even the distant Shetland Islands and on the snow clad wastes of Iceland."

The German Niebelungenlied knows very little about the youth of the hero—Siegfried—as does the Norse version of the story, and stresses the love of Siegfried for the Burgundian princess Kriemhild, rather than the Norseman Sigurd's love for Brunhild.

"The Niebelungenlied strophe consists of four long lines separated by a caesura into two distinct halves. The first half of each line contains four accents, the fourth falling upon the last syllable." An example id:

Uns ist in alten maeren wunders vil geseit
Von heleden lobebaeren von grozer arebeit,
Von froude und hochgenziten, von weinen und von klagen
Von kuener recken striten muget ir mi wunder hoeren sagen.

A prose translation of the above is: "In old tales they tell us many wonders of heroes and of high courage, of glad feasting, of wine and of mourning; and herein ye shall read of the marvelous deeds of the strife of brave men."

Now for a brief outline of the poem:

Kriemhild grew up in Burgundy, the child of Uta and Dankrat. Her brothers were Gunther, Gernot, and Giselher. Seigfried came from the Netherlands and his parents were Siegmund and Seiglind. He too became famous for his power—"Yea, in far countries and for all time, his strong hand won him glory." He soon attacked Worms and Hagen advised the ruler, Gunther, to receive Siegfried well. Gunther surrendered without a blow, but Siegfried had, in all this time, unknowingly made himself the object of the attractions of Kriemhild. When he rode forth it "irked the damsel sore."

Siegfried then fought the Saxons and won. In this battle the mighty Ludgast was taken. Kriemhild learned of the victory and she liked the hero all the more. "It is good to tell good tidings to a rich woman." He first saw her a little later and "love that is mighty constrained them, and they yearned with their eyes in secret."

Through the use of a Tarnkappe—a cape that made him invisible, Seigfried and Gunther won Brunhild of Issland, and it was in this athletic contest that Siegfried appeared as Gunther, and with his magic apparel outdid the queen, Brunhild, and won her for Gunther, although she thought that Gunther had really won her.

Seigfried next went to the Niebelungs, where he was royally received, and from Alfric, the dwarf, the ill-fated treasure was secured. When he returned Kriemhild went to meet him and "she grew red from love." "THEY WERE MARRIED."

Gunther then brought his queen, Brunhild, home and she was well ushered into his court life. But she was too much of a "tomboy" for Gunther, and he could not control her, and through the use of his Tarnkappe Siegfried again got the best of her, although she again thought that her real husband had controlled her. Siegfried then brought his own bride home and Gunther invited them to the Hightide. Here Brunhild and Kriemhild quarreled and Kriemhild told her about the superiority of Siegfried over Gunther. Brunhild was told how Kriemhild's husband had won her and then controlled her through the use of the Tarnkappe. The quarrel became serious because Brunhild hated to think that her husband was weaker than Siegfried. The men saw the quarrel and said: "Women should be taught to bridle their tongues. Forbid proud speech to thy wife, and I will do likewise to mine. Such bitterness and pride are a shame."

After a hunt Siegfried was bending over a spring and Hagen of Trony killed him—stabbing him in the spon on his back where the leaf had fallen on him and had made that the only vunerable place on his body. Kriemhild had a big burial for him and there was much mourning for this then national hero. . .Kriemhild's father then left for home and asked her to go with him, but she stayed at the home of her husband. She had thought that her brothers Gernot and Giselher had had something to do with the murder but they denied any knowledge of the affair.

Now, at this time, the Niebelungen hoard came to Worms, at the time when "she sorrowed for Seigfried more than wife ever did for husband. Never had hero a truer wife."

King Etzel of Hungary sent to Burgendy for Kriemhild to come and marry him—very nervy move to make—Rudeger carried the message and Gotelind was his wife. Everyone except Hagen counselled that Kriemhild go and marry him. Hagen had taken the treasure away from her. She took the advice of the majority and married king Etzel of the Huns. She bore him Ortlieb.

About this time she set upon revenge on Hagen—who had stolen her treasure and upon her brother Gunther who had counselled that she marry Etzel. So she asked them all to come to visit her. The carriers of this message to her brother and Hagen were Werbel and Schemmel. Hagen caught on to the trick and advised that they should not go to her court and while on the way, Hagen began his series of murders by killing the ferryman in a most ruthless manner—and from then on crime upon crime flourished.

Kriemhild received Hagen very mildly, but nicely, at first, but time and time again tried to kill him. All her attempts were made at night but Hagen kept a watch. "I bring thee the devil," said Hagen. He said that he had not touched the treasure all these years, but Kriemhild did not believe him. All of both parties went to church and "the folk sang out of tune; it was not mickle wonder when Christian and heathen sang together." Kriemhild had this church meeting turned into a bloody battle. In the hall of the church occurred possibly the most bloody, for the size, of all battles. Both parties were almost killed out. The Thuringians and Danes, when they saw their master Iring slain by Gunther and Hagen, fought all the harder. Then Kriemhild and her followerers burned the hall but Hagen and his crowd drank human blood to keep from being burned alive. All of Etzel's knights were slain. Dietrich found Hagen and carried him bound to the queen, who slew her brother Giselher and Hagen with the wonderful sword of Siegfried and in turn Hildebrand slew her. "The end of the king's hightide was woe," when as, at the last, all joy turneth to sorrow.

"I will tell you no more. Let the dead lie. However it fared afterwards with the Huns, my tale is ended. Thus is the fall of the Niebelungs."

A rather gruesome story, but yet it illustrates the "Treue" of the Germans, which is possibly best illustrated in the "Lay of the Niebelungs."

have to get anywhere. We ain't got no 'lectric lights, or water-works, or anything like that, and what we need is some money to improve our town." Each of the mayor's companions nodded his approval.

"Pineville ain't big enough for them things," Sloan said.

"No, it ain't big enough now, but if we start improving the town little by little, the place'll gradually get bigger, 'cause people will be movin in and putting their businesses here. Like last year, a bunch of fellows was through here wantin' a place for a factory, but Pineville wouldn't do 'cause it didn't have any conveniences. Now, what we've got to do is build some of these conveniences, but it'll take money. We've raised a little from the people, but, Cyrus, you're the only man in Pineville that can really help. If you would lend the city two thousand dollars—"

"Now, there ain't no use talking, cause I ain't gonna do it. I've worked hard all my life making money, and—"

"And you made it out of Pineville and its your duty to help your town. You're the only man that's got enough money—"

"Well, I'm gonna keep it. My money is my own, and I ain't gonna get rid of any of it for something that wouldn't do me any good."

For almost an hour, the four men remained in the office arguing and pleading, but Sloan's attitude was not changed. At length, the men rose with sighs of despair and left the office.

Sloan opened the creaking drawer of his desk, and drew from it a cigar stump, hardly more than half an inch long. Sticking this in his mouth, he donned his patched over-coat and, with a mirthless smile of anticipation, started on his tour of the tenement section for his weekly rent.

Cyrus Sloan's education had been extremely limited, but from his schooling one distinct thing had persisted in his memory. This was a line from a verse of poetry which he had once committed to memory. "I am monarch of all I survey," he would repeat to himself over and over as he walked down the narrow streets, casting zealous eyes over his dominion. However, after he had completed his rounds, and was again at his desk looking at the new wealth he had absorbed, this feeling was more pronounced than ever.

He knocked abruptly on the door of one of the houses and was admitted into a dwelling which was immediately filled with an atmosphere of fear and unwelcome at his arrival.

An old woman looked at her landlord with a look of appeal in her eyes,

a thing which she knew quite well would be disregarded.

"Mr. Sloan, I—I—" she hesitated: "I was thinking that maybe—"

"Well," he snarled, "What is it!"

"Well, you see, my husband's pension check ain't come yet, and I been sick all week and couldn't take in much sewin.' And I had to buy some school books for Annie."

"School books! Why don't you take her out of school and put her to work, if you can't even pay yer rent. How much money have you got?"

"I've got two dollars and twenty cents, but—"

"Well, give me the two dollars, but, mind you, I want the rest of it next week, and don't get behind again!"

The old woman drew a bundle of small change from a bowl on the shelf, and dropped it into the grasping hands of her land-lord, who counted it carefully, and stuffed it into his worn-out wallet, replacing around it a wide rubber band.

"Mr. Sloan," called the woman as Sloan turned to leave, "There's an awful leak in the bedroom roof. I wish—"

"Humph, when you pay your rent on time, maybe I'll attend to it." And with that he left, and passed on to the next house.

Thus was Cyrus Sloan's life—collecting and storing away his money every week. For three more years, the mayor and his councilmen implored his help, but Sloan would not be moved, and because he was the only man who was able to make it possible, Pineville remained without improvements in the way of public utilities.

Late one night, Sloan was aroused suddenly from his sleep by the patter of running feet, and shouts rending the air. It seemed that all Pineville was awake. With an oath, he went to the window to pull it down, and at once his face froze with terror. In the direction of the tenemant houses, flames were rising to the heavens, and the air seemed to be one huge mass of fire and smoke.

With a shrill cry of terror, he threw a coat over his night clothes and dashed from the house, pushing aside a boy who had just arrived to inform him.

When he reached the scene, he emitted a series of yelps and shrieks, as he discovered three of his houses were in blazes. The volunteer fire department was at work, running here and there, to and from the wells, in their meager efforts to battle the flames with their bucket brigades.

The houses had been built so close together that they were attacked

in rapid succession by the devouring flames. The men fought for hours, but the fire, with the help of a strong March wind, was victorious over their helpless hands. When dawn appeared, every tenement house had crumbled into ashes.

All the while, Cyrus Sloan raved like a mad man. "Why don't you do something! he demanded helplessly, again and again. "It's all I've got!"

Suddenly, like an arrow, a thought pierced his mind, and he ran frantically toward his own house. A circle of smoke told him, long before he reached the house, that it, too, was gone.

His wife, standing in front of the house, stopped him as he reached the house.

"You needn't go in there," she said, looking straight into the eyes of her husband. "I'll tell you what you want to know. Yes its all gone. Every dollar of it!"

Sloan stepped inside the smoking framework of what was once a house, and distinguished the remains of the wooden chest which had been his "safe." His hands trembling, he picked up pile after pile of the ashes and let it drop through his fingers to the ground.

* * * * *

Several men were gathered around the stove in the grocery store, discussing the disaster.

"I understand," said one, "that a bank in Oakland's gonna lend Pineville some money, and we're going to put in a water-works system. Too bad this fire couldn't have waited a while. If we had had waterworks, and could have used a hose instead of buckets, we could have kept that fire from spreadin'."

"Yeah," said another, "it's too bad the mayor couldn't raise enough money a couple of years ago when he was trying to."

Eugene O'Neill

MONROE FAWCETT

Largely through the efforts of a group of contemporary playwrights, American drama has became a recognized part of our literature. By common consent, the most outstanding member of this group is Eugene O'Neill. He was one of the first to revolt against the artificiality that prevailed on our stage by the excellence of his work has won international fame.

O'Neill was born in New York on October 16, 1888. His father, James O'Neill, was a famous actor and toured the country in the play, *Monte Cristo*. During his early years, O'Neill followed his parents around on their tours and thus grew up in intimate contact with the theatre. This fact explains why he chose the drama as his medium of expression when he discovered his ambition to write. We also might assume that he acquired his sense of dramatic effectiveness partly as a result of his experiences as a youth.

O'Neill possessed a passionate nature and his early manhood is characterized by extravagant adventures and associations with disreputable characters. During this period he had a number of jobs but held none of them long. For a time he was a secretary for a mail-order firm. In 1909 he went on a gold prospecting expedition to Central America oniy to return six months later with a tropical fever. Later he visited South America and Africa, working his way, by doing odd jobs. Finally he got a job as reporter on a newspaper in Connecticut. Soon after however, a touch of tuberculosis forced him to go to a sanitorium for a complete rest.

This period of enforced inactivity proved to be the turning point in his life. He became interested in writing and shortly after began his first play. In 1916 he met the Provincetown Players and made arrangements with them for the production of his plays. From that time on his rise to fame has been steady, and he is recognized now as one of the leading modern dramatists.

O'Neill's plays are numerous and treat a great variety of subjects. In *The Emperor Jones* and *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, he depicts the character of the American negro. *Desire Under the Elms*, deals with the life of a puritan New England family. In *The Great God Brown*, the

author gives as a "symbolical presentation of eternal aspiration and frustration." *The Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* are O'Neil's two most famous plays. In both of these plays, he tries to restore to human passions and tragedy some of the dignity they lost when men began to accept what is implied in trendian psychology.

Benjamin Wofford

GEO. BAKER

From out the hills of Caroline,
From out the land of scrubby pine,
Sturdy son of pioneer days,
We lift our hearts to thee in praise.

Born mid wild untamed creation,
He heard the march of generations,
Might father; Noble seer,
Sturdy son, a pioneer!

A thousand voices in unison raise,
A song of everlasting praise,
And May the fiery chariots of dawn,
Bear to thee our lasting song.

The Third Estate

FREDERICK R. ATKINSON

With marked initiative but passiveness there sat in the gubernatorial seat of New York state a man who tirelessly labored in political laboratories deriving theories of aggressive government—a man of the aristoracy yet without notoriety or prestige—a man who accepted the challenge that his exceptional opportunities presented—a man whose physical defects were compensated by mental power and determination—in every sense a man. Roosevelt's transcendent ability was first noted by comparatively a few leaders of the Bryan *denomintion* of the Democratic party who pressed him to the political front.

Meanwhile a significant transition was about to transpire as the disquieted American people, with a prevailing majority of common people who had born the brunt of wage cuts, sought a return of the ideals of Jefferson, the courage of Jackson, and the intelligence of Wilson. Hope and ambitions were quickly dissipated, for there seemed no termination to financial loss. It was a despondent and bewildered people who turned overwhelmingly to Mr. Roosevelt in an effort to wrest the country from the hands of demagogues and once again established through the principles of the Democratic party a recognition of the rights of the common man.

Throughout the course of human history there have been men whose power and scope stood aloof from popular questioning because their claim to true greatness was all too evident. Yet their good was not greatness but the perfection of some dynamic idea, the realization of a golden dream. Many of our historic heroes have died with the satisfaction that something had been accomplished but totally ignorant of its magnanimity or the subsequent glory accorded it by historians.

We revel in hero worship and rightly may we, but likewise there are men who seek glory and power, predominence and prestige by "Climbing up some other way." To such we should offer opposition and utter condemnation. They measure success in terms of dollars and cents. Democracy's equality of the rights of men was too ideal or else too impractical for such gross materialists, who adhered to the twentieth century's theme: "The selfish strings of men for material gain."

They are to be found primarily among our financial, political and industrial circles and only the most dauntless and fearless man of recog-

nized authority can dethrone them. They have risen not on their merits but by the use of certain unethical tactics. Often they are bouyed upward by the insincere appeal to the common man or by certain minute favors to create obligation.

Money has great purchasing power and herein lies the secret of their progress. Many a man of judicial or executive authority has sold his conscience at the sight of a dollar and has kept silent or else refused to see the actuality.

Here let us cite a few examples, and yet exceptions in that they were brought to light. The Harding administration will always be assailed for the passiveness and stupidity which existed while fraud and corruption went on. The scandal of the Teapot Dome, in the light of a subsequent administration, revealed a stupendous misappropriation of federal resources and funds on the part of Secretary Albert B. Fall.

Such a crime was said to be without parallel until the investigation in 1933 of the famous House of Morgan. This was one of the many commendable probes of the Roosevelt administration in which corruption was found to be prevalent in many of America's financial seats. The investigation of the affairs of J. P. Morgan revealed a failure to pay enormous income taxes which were long overdue, while numbers of dignitaries, to their own advantage, had quiescently offered no interference.

In the political field insincerity exists but is of short duration. The politician who fails to comply with the principles on which he was elected is at the mercy of the people and cannot expect to be compensated by re-nomination.

State legislatures, however, are reputed to be composed largely of men who, during the course of one term, squander ruthlessly in the lobby the powers vested in them by the people, the laborers, and taxpayers. The end of the term then witnesses almost a complete turn-over of political material.

From legislative halls we take next a glimpse into the proceedings of our courts. Breathes there not race prejudice and injustice. Men of the lower class, mute and ignorant, have not the proper initiative to defend themselves, while bankers, who have mysteriously lost the meager savings of the working people, employ numerous attorneys for the defense. They commit grand crimes and escape with petty sentences. Here let us give vent to our sentiment and exhult as Cicero of old, "O tempera, O mores!"

In the industrial realm there is too often a decided distinction between two men—one is a domineering magnate who revels in his wealth brought about by the second, who is in the vast majority. Like dumb, driven cattle they plod their way through the mire and litter of narrow streets up to the wheels of industry. There they calmly dissipate their physical strength and mental capacity as the hum-drum sounds grind out the very essence of their souls. Who can touch the chords of their souls and retune them to appreciate once more all that is high and noble? Edwin Markham had this in mind when he wrote these stirring words:

"O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those that shaped him to this thing he is,
When this dumb terror shall appeal to God,
After the silence of the centuries?"

Who make up the "third estate"? They are the workers who control more than half the votes of the country but neither national nor state legislatures will consider them. They are found among the millions who have worked and invested their savings. How these have suffered in recent years no man fully knows. But they have no spokesman in congress, no lobbiest in the corridors of the legislature. Their trials and needs have not been the subject of oratory, for politicians have forgotten them. They dared not speak, but in 1932, in grim silence, they went to the poles and wrote: "give us a new deal."

Who make up the "third estate"? The meek and humble tillers of the soil who plod with relentless courage and faint hope through the hot, sandy furrows with sweat streaming from their brows as they try to eke out a meager and honest livelihood for themselves and supply food and clothing for the money hogs.

Robert Burns, in his Scotch dialect has presented a universal truth which is worthy of recognition: "An honest man, tho e'er sae poor, is king o' men for a that!"

It is not socialism nor facism; it is Democracy's unyielding hand reaching down to lift the "third estate".

The First Client

WITH APOLOGIES TO O. R. C.

By J. F. TYNDALL

With a foot-shaped pain in the vicinity of the southern part of his dirty, patched breeches, Watermelon broke into a gallop down the dusty road. On a shaky front porch stood "Muscle Bound" Hardy, nursing a smarting foot which had just separated Watermelon from free board and bed.

"—And don't stick yo feets under mah table until yo all's done run into a job!" yelled Mr. Hardy. "I thought I was marrying Cleopatra off, not you on."

Watermelon didn't lose any time listening. Too vividly he remembered the feel of "Muscle Bound's" pedal extremity. The old man's kicking ability was swift and decisive. When he was in a tantrum he grew narrow-minded about his "victuals." There was nothing to do but catch air—so his recent son-in-law caught air. He must try to get a job without any work.

He might hire out to the white folks on the plantation across the creek. No, that would require work. How about a job at a filling station in town. No. He would have to work at night. That would keep him from going to Chet Warren's drug store. He had to play checkers there every night.

He would have to try the new lawyer in town. He always wanted to be a lawyer.

Seated listlessly on the front steps of his agency, the loose-mouth Mr. Gregory meditated. Business sure was tough. Hadn't seen a prospect all week.

"How de law business coming along?" Watermelon sounded out his prospect preliminarily.

"Wus dan ever. Had two clients last week, but ain't had none dis week. Ain't et since yestidy. I sho is hungry."

The lawyer swallowed just to keep in practice.

"I sho wish I had a partner," the lawyer said. "Misery loves company, and I sho am in misery."

"Done took you up!" said Watermelon. "Tonsils stand back. I eats tonight."

Somep'n you got to lay off at first," demurred Mr. Gregory.

"Whut dat?"

"Being dumb in de haid. Us lawyers is a smart bunch."

Startling developments across the alley interrupted the conversation. From a paintless one-story shack there, the dingy windows bore the crude legend:

WILLIE FOSTER
BARBERSHOP
HAIRCUTS—latestile—TOO BITS
SHAVES—— vericlose ——A NICCLE

Then there burst forth none other than its proprietor, Willie Foster. He ran out of his shop like broadway playboys dodging Walter Winchell. His speed indicated that something serious had happened. About three steps behind his wife closely followed. In her hand she held a razor long enough to row a boat with.

Willie's wife was a slender, strong, bright "yaller" woman. She was a good blues singer. At night she sang in a local night club. She was very amicable except when drunk. Evidently she had been drinking for quite a while.

"Yo good-for-nothing, belly crawlin, kin-to-white-trash nigger, you better run. I sho don like you at all. I sho would like to slit that greasy throat of yourn."

Willie wasn't hanging around to listen. A streak of dust indicated where he had been. A slight shuffling up in the loft of the old stable indicated his present position.

"Nigger, us done got a client," said Mr. Gregory.

"Naw suh," vehemently replied Watermelon. "I aint gonna git tangled up wid dat 'oman at all. Done got 'nough matrimonial discrepances on my hands all ready. Us is gonna bring our partnership to an abrupt close."

After much persuasion Watermelon went to see if he could find the long-gone Willie. Mr. Gregory stayed at the office to formulate plans for the battle.

Finally, the sheepish Willie was brought into the office.

"Willie, does you all want a divorce?" asked Mr. Gregory.

"Yassuh, but I's scairt of dat 'oman. Besides, I aint got no evidence."

"WE furnishes de evidence. Dats what I use Watermelon for. Who you particular hate real bad like?"

"I hates Gus wors'n anybody in town. He owes me fo'bits."

"Dat nigger ain't never had an affair. Git somebody dat yo wife laks."

"She's pow'ful strong for Watermelon's pa-in-law, ole Muscle Bound."

"I knows I's gittin gone. Gonna put ole terra firma 'tween me and dis heah town," said Watermelon.

"Shut up nigger. Ain't nobody gonna git you in trouble. Us is jist gonna fix Willie's wife."

"How mah wife gonna date up Muscle Bound?"

"We'll let Watermelon tend to dat. Close yo mouf, and let me think."

A few moments of quiet followed. Watermelon was scared; Willie was hoping; Mr. Gregory was thinking.

In a short time Mr. Gregory outlined his plan to the other two colored gentlemen.

The work started in earnest that afternoon. Willie closed his shop and presumably left town. Watermelon began loafing around Chet Warren's drug store. He talked about how much Willie's wife liked Muscle Bound every chance he got.

That night he went to the night club. Seated himself in the kitchen, he began at once to tell the cook how much Muscle Bound thought of Willie's wife.

The next day passed slowly. During the afternoon Watermelon won six-bits. Supper sure did taste good that night. After supper the two lawyers went out to the front steps.

"Who's dat dressed up nigger?" said Mr. Gregory.

"Dat sho is Muscle Bound. He's got on mah Sunday blue serge suit. I hopes no rough stuff is started."

"Naw, ain't nothing lak dat gonna happen unless Muscle Bound's wife heahs about the affair."

"She done gone over to de Bible Class. She'll be gone 'til eleven-thirty."

"Everything sho is fine den. Now lissen. Don make a mistake. Git Willie out of de loft and you all shine over to his house. I'se gonna round up de law."

Watermelon went to search for the would-be traveler, Willie. He found him comfortably hidden behind the davenport in the parlor.

Around ten-twenty their watch was rewarded by footsteps on the porch.

"Muscle Bound, you sho is one good nigger."

"Honey, you don mean dat. You all's trying to string me along."

"Naw I ain't. Come on in. Willie's done gone and skipped out. Besides I got some giggle soup in de house, it sho am pow'ful."

Whiskey was a greater temptation than Eve's apple. Like Adam, Muscle Bound went astray.

At ten-fifty-five both were getting a little drunk. They went over and sat down on the davenport.

The crisis rapidly approached. Willie and Watermelon made their presence known. Willie's wife threw a fruit jar at them. It hit Willie on the head and knocked him cold. By the time she picked up a nearby flat-iron Watermelon was in the haven of rest, the loft of the old stable.

The next day the news spread all over the town, with the help of a few of Mr. Gregory's allies. The entire colored population talked about the scandal all day.

They forgave Muscle Bound, but Willie's wife was dragged through the mud by the people. The law put both in jail. They were charged with disorderly conduct.

Their trial was held that afternoon. Watermelon and Mr. Gregory defended Muscle Bound. No one defended Willie's wife. Muscle Bound was freed, but Willie's wife was fined ten dollars, which Willie paid.

The Society for Deporting Unwanted Characters, composed of the ladies of the Bible Class and the Temperance League, made the unfortunate woman leave town.

This pleased Willie. He would not have alimony to pay, it also pleased his wife. She was getting tired of his company.

Just before supper Watermelon met Muscle Bound in the alley.

"Where Mr. Gregory? I wants him to hab supper wid us tonight," said Muscle Bound.

"Wid us?"

"Yeah, ain't Cleopatra found you? Dat gal sho do want you back home. She done been crying for you eber since you alls been gone."

"Yonder comes Mr. Gregory now. Wait 'till I 'vite him over."

"Hurry up, de ole lady might git tired if us keeps her waiting."

Happily the three walked towards Muscle Bound's shack.

"Dat ham sho do smell good," said Watermelon, as they entered the gate.

The Portrayal of Human Experience

HOLMAN C. GOSSETT

Would anyone dare make the statement that drama is the sublimation of all art? That all depends upon how broad-minded one is and which one of the fine arts one is most interested in. The sculptor would consider sculpture the highest; the poet, poetry; the musician, music; the painter, painting; and so on. And to be sure "every form of human art expresses something which can be sufficiently expressed in no other way. But somehow drama seems to combine and surpass them all. It is literature, the very essence of poetry, dealing with the most difficult of all subjects, the human soul. It is sculpture and painting—the revelation of human experience, shaped from the hearts of men, painted realistically or romantically as the mood and subject demand. Like all the other great arts, it discharges its function by evoking imagination and feeling. But it goes farther than the other arts, it reaches down into the lives of men, takes some experience of their deepest selves and walks it across the stage for others to feel and experience. Dramatic art is difficult to define because it is so complex. It deals with the soul, and who among us poor mortals can define the soul? It portrays human actions, and who can account for them? It includes an insight into motives, the nature and necessity of situation; the conscious, spontaneous, involuntary disclosure of character; and especially, the discovery and disclosure by one man of another's attitude of mind. Who can say all that?

According to Freytag in his *Technique of Drama,* the term"dramatic" is applicable to two classes of emotions; those which are sufficiently vigorous to crystallize into will and act, and those which are aroused by an act. It accordingly includes the physical which goes on within the human soul from the initiation of a feeling up to passionate desire and activity, and also the influence exerted upon the soul by the acts of oneself or of others. In other words, it includes the outward movement of the will from the depths of the nature toward the external world, and the inward movement of expression from the external world, which influences the inner nature; or in fine, the coming into existence of an act and its consequences for the soul. Neither action in itself nor passionate emotion in itself is dramatic. The function of dramatic art is not the representation of passion in itself, but of passion leading to action; it is not the representation of an event in itself, as such is the function of the lyric;

the depicting of interesting events; as such is the function of the epic. Yet, even in this excellent attempt, the reference—if indeed there be one—in some of these important aspects is vague. But at least it is not limited.

God dealt in all of the arts; but the last majestic sweep of His great hand was drama. And dramatic art in some shape is necessary as a means of expression in every age.

"God created the world—that was poetry
He fashioned the world—that was sculpture
He colored the world—that was painting
He peopled the world—that was drama."

Weavers

GEO. BAKER

Weaving, Weaving, Weaving,
The Weaver plies his loom,
Weaving in hope, weaving in gloom.
A broken thread—an ugly gout,
A harness skip—a thread torn out,
A broken shaft—a broken gear,
A dead machine—a silent tear,
A dented reed—a thread misdrawn,
A shuttle flying and singing a song
Of doubt and fear of right and wrong.
O God, as we weave this life,
Mid hope and faith, mid toil and strife,
Loose the threads that bind our souls,
And in pattern of purest gold,
Let us weave for Thee,
Patterns that are fit to be,
Our robes of eternity.

Book Reviews

MAGNIFICIENT OBSESSION

LOYL C. DOUGLAS

JOHN B. CANNON

The reader will find it difficult, almost impossible to classify this book—whether it be a love story, a mystery, or a religious treatise—for certainly this strange story embodies all of these.

Magnificient Obsession is a book altogether different from any novel which you have read. The unusualness of the plot, the uniqueness of the setting, and the mysterious treatment of theme, all combine to make this an unusually interesting work.

The story begins with the death of a famous surgeon. After his death, a book, written by the doctor in code, is found among his possessions. This book finds its way into the hands of an enterprising young medical student who spends many sleepless nights before deciphering it. This discovery leads untimately to an explanation of the strange life of the deceased surgeon, and from this is drawn the theme of the story.

The idea is that when one reaches the point in life where he has done all of the good that he can, and cannot improve his own character and personality, he may extend his personality into other people. The surgeon did this by helping others and by doing such things as giving people money to get into business.

When a man would offer to pay the money back, the doctor would say, "No, I have already use it up." And it is in this that the mystery element of the novel appears, "Why does the doctor say that?" is the reader's question throughout the book. This question is never answered directly by the author, but is left to the imagination of the reader.

This book is to be recommended as an enjoyable and equally instructive work, and one which is different in every detail from any other.

Little Caesar

W. R. BURNETT

MARION BENNETT

"Little Caesar" is truly a book characteristic of today. In this day and time when crime is so prevalent and powerful in this country, it is

strengthing to read a book that does not allow the criminal to become omnipotent as is portrayed by our theaters, newspapers, and short stories.

At present, even though prohibition is being blamed for the great wave of crime, Burnett portrays his main character as a total abstainer. He follows his lead-coated road of life, starting as a small town stick-up man, only to be toppled over and in the end to meet the fate of the overwhelming majority of criminals—death.

Although the book is interesting at first, one soon tires of it, because the plot is simple and as far as educational value is concerned *"Little Caesar"* is entirely lacking.

I would not recommend this book to anyone who is seeking pleasure or something uplifting. The plot is simple enough for a child to see through after the first fifty pages have been read. As one concludes the book he does not feel that his time has been well spent.

Giants in the Earth

O. E. ROLVAAG

MARION BENNETT

"Giants in the Earth" throws an entirely new light upon the founding of America and gives a new insight into the pioneer life of our country. Unlike the writers of earlier pioneer life of our country. Unlike the writers of earlier pioneer stories who deal primarily with plot and depict pioneer life as romantic and glamorous, Rolvaag unfolds human character and reveals the inner life of men and women who undertook the conquest of the wilderness. He seeks most of all to show the human cost in the building of the great west.

His story is really woven about the character of Beret, the wife of one of the early settlers, Pen Hansa. Beret is typical of the pioneer men and women who could not "find root in the new soil" and found the strain too great. Never being able to adjust herself to this life of loneliness and privation, she turns to a dark superstitious religion which not only affects her mentally but has its effect upon her husband and children.

Through out this intensely realistic story there is a sense of tragedy and impending disaster. There is a continual struggle between man and nature. First there is a plague of grasshoppers, then famines and snow storms and finally Pen Hansa must give his very life to appease the spirits of the wilderness.

"Giants in the Earth" is an intensely appealing story of human life

and nowhere can be found such realism and such grim determination to battle the elements for an existence. It is truly a great epic.

A Farewell to Arms

EARNEST HEMINGWAY

L. M. CECIL

A Farewell to Arms has been discussed as widely as any book which has appeared during the past few years. And so, when, just the other day, I chanced upon a stray copy, I read it most eagerly. And if I had expected something different—something strange—I was not disappointed.

Most people are familiar with the plot through the theater. The story is of an American, Lieutenant Henry who had enlisted in the Italian army, and an English nurse, Catherene Barkley. It is written in typical Hemingway style. More than half of it is short, crisp conversation, which one can read with little effort. In tense moments the pages "fairly fly."

The value of the book lies in its realistic description of war. The picture of an Italian Retreat is portrayed, with beautiful and awful vividness. The love between Lieutenant Henry and Miss Barkley has been called "a beautiful love." However, one feels that something is lacking. The character seemed to have no soul. It may be that your writer is a little victorian, but the frankness of Mr. Hemingway shocked him at least.

A Thought

L. M. CECIL

I thank thee, God that I possess
A something here inside of me
Attuned by thy deft hand to be
In sweet accord with loveliness.

When music dies—when every bird
Sits scared and still anest, I do
Not want for song. I hear anew
Each melody I've ever heard.

If winter winds in Autumn tear
Away the forest's gala dress,
On naked arms raised in distress
I fancy garments—crimson—sear.

Though you, my love, are mine no more,
I swear that there are times when I
Can see the blue love in your eye—
Can taste your kisses—as before.

Oh God, this world is part of me!
Whatever heaven be, I pray,
Oh God, that, when I die, I may
Remember through eternity.

An Adequate Stimulus

DAVID PEELE

Once I saw some apples on a tree
Just beyond some bushes, and guarded by a bee.
For apples I have a cravin',
On the Doctor's bill a savin'.
I thought I'd step and get a few,
And take some home to Sue.
So I started through the brambles
As oft upon my rambles.
I scratched my skin and tore my shirt,
And filled my eyes with trash and dirt,
And fought my way to the tree of life
To get some apples for my wife.
Now the thicket wasn't wide,
And of a pasture it was one side.
So I burst upon the green
With only the apples seen.
I looked upon the ground,
And, golly, what I found!
The next I knew
The thicket I passed through.
I did not push and tear and dig.
But galloped like a pig.
I looked for the marks of the bramble patch,
And, Lo, there was not a scratch.
For just below the tree
Which I had been to see
Was the husband of a cow
With a frown upon his brow.

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The Journal

THE LITERARY PUBLICATION OF WOFFORD COLLEGE
FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER - - - 1933

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IN MEMORIAM

NATTIE ESTHER PUGH

WIFE OF

DR. W. L. PUGH,

Professor of English

in Wofford College.

July 19, 1875 — December 11, 1933

EDITORIAL

Vocational Education In South Carolina

Many educators maintain the idea that education consists of those subjects taught in the liberal art and science college to be the only education worthwhile. It prepares men, they say, for a career, for a profession, and sends them out well rounded citizens. That is true, but those who do not have the opportunity or inclination for such pursuits are entirely left out of our educational program.

Only eight per cent of the population of our state are in professions. Ninety-two per cent are earning their living in the business, industrial, or agricultural fields. In South Carolina there are only 6,998 enrolled in vocational schools. These are in high schools and evening classes in industrial and rural sections. South Carolina spends but a little more than $60,000.00 a year for this work while the Federal government gives $20,000.00, making a total of $80,000.00.

A prominent South Carolinian wrote a book, *The State That Forgot.* A book purely ante-bellum in sentiment and which can add nothing materially to the thinking or wealth of our state. It is not for us to lament over lost leaders or lost ideals, but to find the cause of such a dearth if such really exists. Some writer should write a book entitled *The State That Is Still Forgetting*—still forgetting the multiplied thousands, bound by chains of ignorance and groping through prison houses of unenlightened minds, who cannot be useful citizens for they know not how to use intelligently their talents. The loss to industry and agriculture is great every year because of this. Less than three per cent of the children in industrial communities ever finish high school. Less than one per cent ever enter college. What of these? What is the state going to do with them? It is her problem and must be solved if we ever hope for a low illiteracy rating, if we ever hope for a useful, intelligent citizenship.

Let us not cast backward glances and laud the memory of a dead past and forget a future to be yet more glorious. Let us not pay more attention to the monuments of the dead than to the welfare of the living. Blue blood, red blood, or any other color you may mention does not count in a day of industrial achievement. Aristocracy and family trees are not considered in this day of *what can you do.* It is these folks who back up an aristocracy, and who will eventually give birth to another era of blue bloods, if they are aided in their problems of learning how to work, learning how to live, learning how to be good citizens. That is the task that lies ahead.

THE STORM

By J. F. Tyndall

Lightning flashed; thunder rumbled; dark clouds scurried sullenly across the sky, scarcely clearing the mountain tops. The wind rose from a gentle murmur to a piercing shriek, and a few drops of rain began to fall, soon followed by a heavy downpour.

A young squirrel hurried to a tall, partly hollow tree to escape the deluge. She took refuge in a hole about half-way up the tree, and from this haven of rest and security she frequently stuck her head to see if the storm was passing over. Her first-born babies were in their nest in the old hollow tree down by the creek, and she was anxious to return to them.

Nearby another mother was thinking of her children. She stood on the back porch of the unpainted shack on the hill. She had just finished milking, and still held a dirty bucket full of foaming milk. Wearily she brushed a stray lock of gray-black hair from her spiritless eyes and went into the house to finish supper. She had waited and looked for her children before.

Her husband was sitting by the kitchen stove smoking an evil-smelling pipe. He had just returned from the whiskey still which was hidden up the creek, and a strong odor of mash still clung to his clothes.

"How long before supper?" he asked. "I ain't et nothin since morning and I'm hungry."

"I'll have it ready in a few moments. Watch that pone of corn bread while I strain the milk. Wuz Jeb drunk again today?"

Her husband pretended not to hear. He was vitally interested in the bread which was being cooked turn-over fashion in a frying pan on top of the stove.

"Bob Stevens, do ye hear me?" the old lady shrieked. "Gawd, I wish we wuz livin at one of them cotton factories down in the valley. I wouldn't have to worry about you all then."

"Well, maw, he ain't been drinking much. Jest a little nip now and then so he could work good. Whar's Ann?"

"She's gone over on tother side of the divide to see sister Mary about the box supper fer Friday night. I guess she'll be coming home in a few minutes."

"She's gone to see that damned no-account Frank Aldridge. I'm goin to kill 'er if she keeps on seeing him. He's got high-faluting notions since clerking in the store. He ain't no better than his mammy and pappy. I'll tan 'er hide when she gits home."

"You tend to Jeb, and I'll tend to Ann. Po little gal. She ain't never had nothin decent. If she wants to marry Frank she can. He's a sight better than you or Jeb."

"Now look-a here, ole lady, ain't no woman ever talked to me like that. I say she ain't gonna marry Frank. I'll kill her first. One of Cousin Ralph's boys wants to marry her. I reckon he's as good as she is."

The quarrel was interrupted at this point by the opening of the kitchen door, Ann and Frank were standing there hand in hand. She was tall and slender; her black hair and eyes were sharply contrasted with her pale colorless skin. He was taller than she, but he was not as handsome or as honest looking. His pale eyes had a dreamy far-away look, and his huge red nose stuck out from the rest of his pimply face like a lone tree in a field in the winter.

They had walked from the store, which was nearly a mile away, and both were wet. They moved towards the kitchen stove with outstretched hands as if they wished to capture all the heat.

"Ma, we got married while ago. I wanted to tell you this morning but wuz askairt thet you all might not want me to."

"You did what?" her father thundered. "Look here, you ungrateful wretch, you know I want you to marry one of Cousin Ralph's boys."

He jumped up from his chair and slapped the girl across the face. With a look of bewilderment, the girl slowly backed away from the stove. Timidly she placed her hand to her bleeding mouth.

"Now see here, Mr. Stevens, that's my wife and you can't treat her that way."

"Shet your mouth, ye damned fool, and git out fore I kill both of you. I never want to see either of you again."

The girl soon gathered her few clothes and put them in a flour sack, while her mother silently looked at the proceedings. She had dared speak more tonight than ever before. It was not the custom for women to argue with their husbands in that section of the mountains.

The young couple left in the midst of the storm without saying good-bye or without changing their wet clothes. They would spend the night with Ann's aunt Mary.

Early the next morning they were to set out for the settlement in the valley. Frank had a new job in a larger store there.

Bob and his wife ate supper in silence. They rarely ever talked much, but tonight both avoided speaking whenever possible. They went to bed early.

The storm continued its furious pace the biggest portion of the night. Trees crashed; timid streams rose to raging torrents. Nature seemed to be trying to destroy all her subjects. Towards morning the storm passed, and the first streaks of dawn showed the tumult and havoc.

The two old people rose long before dawn, and presently they finished their morning chores. The young squirrel left her hole in the tree; she too had work and duties to perform.

"Pa, I wonder if Jeb stayed at Cousin Ralph's last night? I reckon I'll go see."

"Aw, he'll be home after while. I guess he spent the night with some of the boys after leaving the still."

"Ain't been no revenue officers around here, has there? Some of them might have picked him up."

"Him and Art had guns. I reckon no revenue officers got them."

"Well, I'm going over to Cousin Ralph's. I'll be back to reckly."

Grabbing her bonnet, she began to walk rapidly towards the path that led by the creek. Evidence of the storm was everywhere. Frequently she had to dodge limbs and other debris that had fallen in the path.

She had walked about a quarter of a mile when suddenly she gave a shriek of fear and pain. Directly in front of her lay the old hollow tree. Under it was the lifeless form of Jeb, her son, with his hand characteristically clutching a broken whiskey bottle.

Her cries for help soon brought her husband who tried to lift the trunk of the tree from the body. Being unable to do so, he returned to the house for his mule. It was a skinny, mangy old beast, but it was able to pull the tree from the body.

Together the husband and wife carried their dead boy back home. His head was horribly crushed. One ear was torn off, sand and blood were caked between his broken teeth.

The news was soon spread; neighbors and relations from far and wide gathered at the scene of the tragedy. Frank and

Ann did not return; they had left Mary's house early that morning—never to return.

Jeb's mother hardly spoke to the people who offered their sympathy. Tight lipped and clear eyed, she sat all afternoon by the kitchen door and watched the slowly sinking sun in the west. In one short night she had lost both of her children, but she did not cry. Her tears were dried up within her. Mountain women hide their emotions.

The little squirrel found her children only a few minutes after Jeb's body was moved. Both were dead. The hollow tree had proved to be a poor home. One's body was horribly mangled; a small drop of blood on the other's nose told its fateful tale. The mother squirrel was contented. Both of her children had left her—still faithful to a sacred place called home.

The Cradle of Christ

By George Baker

Hoar frost hung like a gossamer veil,
On land and sea, on hill and dale,
Between the clouds in full array,
The stars moved in and out at play.
Far above was one lone star,
Shining out from the golden bar,
That veiled the heavens from afar.

Far below on the desert's rim,
Wrapped in sleep lay Bethlehem,
While out upon the frostly slopes,
Shepherds watched their sheep and goats.
Far above was one lone star,
Shining out from the golden bar,
That veiled the heavens from afar.

The pale moon saw upon the sand,
Strangers from a foreign land,
Wise men coming from the East,
Mounted on the desert's beast.
Far above was one lone star,
Shining out from the golden bar,
That veiled the heavens from afar.

There couched upon some straw and hay,
The mother and the Savior lay,
And from the heavens far and high,
Angels sang a lullaby.
While far above one lone star,
Pointed from the golden bar,
That veiled the heavens from afar.

All converged within a stall,
Late become a kingly hall,
And there upon the desert's rim,
They offered gifts and worshipped Him.
Far above stood one lone star,
And God smiled down from the golden bar,
That veiled the heavens from afar.

DEBTORS

(One-Act Play)

Frederic R. Atkinson

Characters—

Florence Lester and her husband, Gary Lester, together with their young son, "Junior", occupy an apartment in a large city where Gary makes a livelihood painting pictures of nudists.

Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, parents of Florence, reside in a rural district. Their financial losses have threatened their old homestead.

Scene I — The Lester apartment in metropolis.

Florence (*Sitting alone at table upon which are several dishes of food. Sighs exhaustively and impatiently*)—Ah, well! It's not my fault that supper's cold. He 'phoned me to have it ready by six and it's now six-forty. I wonder if he's forgotten that he has a wife and that we eat together. There's one way of finding out. If he's still at work he's in the office. (*Goes to telephone and calls office*). So! I can't get an answer. Then he's not there. Perhaps he's in some gambling den . . . . or it may be that he's taking supper with another woman. Be that as it may, I'll wait a little longer. (*Sits down again nervously as sounds of disturbance and quarreling come from next door. Bitter words seem to be centered around misbehavior of neighbor's boy. The door suddenly opens and complaining son enters.*)

Junior—I hope that darn boy will know to leave me alone hereafter or he'll have another black eye to take home.

Florence—Hush, Junior! When did you start talking so rashly? Did you hurt him?

Junior—(*laughing*) Did I hurt him? Hmph! That kid'll know where to leave off hereafter. He's just got a black eye and a torn shirt.

Florence—And just for that you can make up your mind to apologize in the morning.

Junior—But mother—

Florence — Never mind. I've heard enough. Your father will attend to you when he comes. That is, when he comes, and who knows when that will be? I've been waiting with this supper for an hour. Guess we might as well begin, although I never could enjoy eating while in such suspense and—well, I might say suspicion. (*They begin eating*).

Junior—There you go again — always doubting and worrying.

Florence—But, son, you can't understand and you'll never know all of the nerve-wracking experiences attached to city life.

Junior—There's nothing wrong with this apartment, is there? I'm getting tired of moving about. Of course I don't exactly care for the brat next door. But then he knows better than to tamper with me again.

Florence—Poor fellow, always in a scrape, always gathering up what the lower classes throw out. If only I could bring you up under the proper environment! If only I could get you to grasp the finer things of life away from these degrading circumstances! But a woman must yield to the requirements of her husband's profession. Instead of painting the glories of nature that abound in the country, he has to sit in this metropolis painting over and over the vulgar, the—

(*Enter Gary with long, narrow box held behind him.*)

Gary—Why, Florence, did I hear you say something about the vulgar? Surely you weren't reprimanding Junior, were you?

Florence—Well, no. I was just thinking that—

Gary—Don't! Let me be the first to mention it.

Florence—Mention what?

Gary—Our anniversary. Just take a good whiff of these roses. Can't you get a breath of June from them—of birds, of blue skies, of butterflies, and roses?

Florence—You're so thoughtful. Our anniversary has not crossed my mind all day. How did you happen to remember?

Gary—I was passing by the church when strains of Lohengrin's march reminded me of twelve years ago today. So I walked back to the flower shop and bought these bridal roses.

Florence (*Takes them in her arm*) — How lovely! They do remind me of blue skies and butterflies of June, of hills, homesteads, winding roads. Can't you recall that night when we sat in the garden amid the roses and gazed at the waning moon. (*She turns her dreamy eyes and sees once again her real environment*) But how vainly I think! Here in this metropolis I must listen to the clang and clamor of the streets, see the filth of the alleys, and smell the vile odors of the nooks. Well, aren't you going to eat? I want to remove these victuals from the table.

Gary (*Sitting down*)— Why, Florence, you're talking so moodish and sentimental tonight. Why all this melancholy stuff?

Florence—As I was telling Junior before you came in, this city is no place to live, no place to bring up a boy. I've tried to make the best of it for your sake but now it's getting too much for me. Why won't you consent to go back to my home in the country? I owe it to my parents.

(*Junior goes off in corner to work on jig-saw puzzle*).

Gary—But what about my profession? You must consider our livelihood.

Florence—I presume you mean making paintings of the nudists, the common, the vulgar.

Gary—So!

Florence—Picture for a moment a worn, gray-haired woman, a slave to these four walls, with a dissipated son, a weakling and perhaps criminal. Now picture a stately homestead amid the hills surrounded by blooming orchards and green pastures, a strong, handsome young man and a proud, smiling mother.

Gary—Your intimations are specific enough. But I know not how to satisfy them.

Florence—Slave! You think of nothing but your profession. Aren't there other places we can go?

Gary—For instance?

Florence—Back to my home again.

Gary—You aren't talking to me. Don't you know very well that your parents hate me. They haven't forgotten how you ran away with me to get married. Your relations with them have been broken for several years. And now would you have the nerve to concede your mistake? Surely you would not do that. And what would you do with your husband and young son?

Florence—We can all go. There's no need to hold a grudge forever. Life is too short.

Junior (*From corner*) Maybe I could finish this jig-saw if I had some music to make things more merry. (*Goes and turns on radio to lively music*).

Scene II—The Tompkins living room. An aged couple sits before the dying embers with heads bent wearily. They are evidently perplexed.

Mr. Tompkins—There is but one resort. We go tomorrow to the county home. I

have resigned to the fearful circumstances.

Mrs. Tompkins—But you must not forget Florence. We can go there and make our home.

Mr. Tompkins—There's no use mentioning that. She has chosen rather to forget us, to forsake us for her city luxury and inconsiderate husband. Never, never! I'll never forgive her for the way she has treated us,—and that lout for a husband.

Mrs. Tompkins — Now, dear, you shouldn't speak so rashly. What horror I do have of the county home—just a place to wait on life to end, with no comfort, no sympathizing friends. I'll always have faith in Florence. She'd share the last crust of bread with us.

Mr. Tompkins—How can you hold out hopes to the very last when you see that this home is no longer ours and that we have nowhere to go? Don't you see that Florence is not ours? She belongs to her husband, that so-called artist. The mortgage is due and there is no way to escape it. We must resign.

Mrs. Tompkins — Don't mention it again. I am fully aware that we cannot meet the obligation, but how can I give up these sacred walls, these comforts and precious things? I shudder at the thought. If only Florence knew our situation she might prevail upon Gary to help us.

Mr. Tompkins—No use. He hates us because we so bitterly denounced their run-away and marriage.

Mrs. Tompkins—Well, I told you to forgive them. You didn't, and so now you can bear the consequences.

Mr. Tompkins—Along with you. (*Someone is heard coming up the steps. There is some hesitation. A gentle knock on the door.*)

Mr. Tompkins (*leaving room*)—I can't face him. Just tell him that the house is his.

Mrs. Tompkins—Coward! Do you think I have the heart to tell him?

(*Enter Gary, Florence, and Junior.*)

Florence (*Rushing toward Mrs. Tompkins and embracing her*). Oh, mother! How good it seems to be back, to press you to my lips again!

Mrs. Tompkins (*sobbing*) —Florence, my daughter!

Florence—Why, mother, you're crying. What's the matter?

Mrs. Tompkins—I'm so glad to see you but—

Florence—Tell me. You're holding back something.

Mrs. Tompkins — You shouldn't have come here. We're having to leave ourselves.

Florence—You don't mean—

Mrs. Tompkins— A mortgage is being foreclosed and we have no where to go.

Gary—Well, let's not worry about that just yet. We're so glad to be here. Florence prevailed upon me to give up my work and come. We have been saving and denying ourselves of ordinary pleasures, but now my wife shall no longer know the hardships of urban life if I may beg to pay this debt.

Mr. Tompkins (*Emerging from another room*)—I knew it would be all right (*Embraces Florence and greets Gary*). You're so thoughtful and considerate, my boy. I always did have great faith in you.

Mrs. Tompkins (*Looking rather surprised*)—Well, you never can tell how things are going to turn out. And my, my, just look what a big boy! (*Embrace Junior*).

(*Curtain*)

THE STRANGEST CASE

By John Cannon

"Well. I've been district attorney for ten years, but this is undoubtedly the strangest case that I've ever run across. It's got me."

The district attorney mopped his brow and dropped his arms limply to his sides, in a gesture of complete resignation. He walked back and forth across the floor of his spacious office, casting occasional glances of appeal toward his friend, Professor Maxwell, who was seated by an open window, looking through some magazines and books.

The case was that of the Ellison murder which had taken place two weeks ago. Old Matthew Ellison, who had lived with his widowed brother and the latter's son, had been found dead, a victim of poisoning. As the three men lived alone in their humble apartment, all suspicions pointed to the father and son.

The day after the sudden death of his uncle, young Raymond Ellison confessed the crime. The reading of the dead man's will revealed the fact that his entire estate, amounting to approximately fifty thousand dollars, was bequeathed to his nephew, and thus the motive was established. With the confession written and signed, the authorities rested their minds, considering the case ended, but unexpected complications set in when, on the following day, the boy's father likewise confessed the murder. Each of the men emphatically denied that the other had had any part in the crime.

District Attorney Russell continued his march across the room. "It's got me," he repeated. "It's completely got me."

Professor Maxwell looked up from his magazine and showed his first signs of interest in the matter.

"Wasn't there some discussion concerning a letter?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Russell, "there is a letter, and it makes things even more complicated."

"May I see it?"

Russell opened one of the drawers of his desk and produced a wrinkled sheet of paper.

Maxwell took the letter and fingered it carefully, obviously observing every detail. The letter addressed to young Ellison, was type-written, and the signature, which was also type-written, was "Smith". Professor Maxwell read the letter aloud:

"I remind you that you have 15 days to pay me the five thousand dollars you owe me. You know as well as I do what will happen to you if I don't get the money, so I advise you to do what I told you to do.—Smith."

"Evidently," said Maxwell after he had read the letter, " 'Smith' is one of the type who collects what is due him through, shall we say, somewhat shady methods, preferring, obviously, to conduct his affairs through his own resources than to rely upon constituted authority."

"Maybe so," was Russell's reply.

"Under the circumstances,' the professor continued, "one might also judge that the matter in which the writer of the letter has advised the addressee, concerning the poisoning of his uncle and the subsequent benefits of the bequest."

"Maybe so, but who is Smith? And what can this letter prove? Why, it wouldn't be worth two cents before a jury."

"You have, I understand, the written confession of the younger Mr. Ellison."

"Yes! But what good is that when you've got two confessions to the same crime. The old man says that the boy is

—er-well, you know—kind of 'cracked', and the neighbors have corroberated to that."

"I wonder," asked the professor with a sudden gleam in his eyes, "if I might question the young man?"

The district attorney consented and the young man was led into the office. Raymond Ellison, a young man of about twenty, sat down weakly in a chair and stared fixedly at the floor.

"My boy," began the professor, "this letter—it was written to you?"

"Yeah," replied the boy, still glaring at the floor.

"And this 'Smith' — you will tell me about him?"

"No!" answered the boy defiantly. "I'm not going to incriminate anybody. All I'm telling is that I owed him some money and he told me to poison my uncle so I could pay him."

After a series of similar questions and similar answers, the boy was sent away. The professor continued his minute examination of the letter and its envelope.

"Hum," he mused. "This case is not only, as you say, strange, but equally interesting. I say, Russell, may I see the two confessions?"

Russell produced the statements and threw them to his friend, cynically.

"I'm going out to lunch," he announced. "Will you join me?"

"No, I think not," replied the professor. "Russell, if you will allow me the sanctity of your office while you are at lunch, I think that I shall be able to provide you with a solution to the case for your desert."

For an hour, Professor Maxwell, alone in the office, scanned the type-written pages before him, hastily jumping from one to the other.

When the district attorney returned to his office, he found his friend standing lazing by the window.

"Well," Russell greeted. "How about my desert?"

"Russell," replied the professor, "I think that I have concocted a desert which would satisfy the most ravenous of appetites. Now, if you will be seated, I will serve it."

Russell sat down and propped his feet on the desk.

"You will notice in the confession of the younger Ellison that he claims to have perpetrated the crime on the same day that he received the letter from 'Smith.' He says that he received the letter in the morning and administered the fatal dose an hour later. As you know, the deceased was an invalid and spent the largest part of his time in bed. According to the boy's confession, it was his duty to take a dose of medicine to his uncle every morning, and it was in this dose of medicine that the fatal compound is supposed to have been planted."

"Sounds logical to me," Russell interrupted.

"Yes, entirely logical, so far— but we have not yet considered the letter. The envelope particularly interests me. As you have doubtless observed, the postal employees have a penchant for applying a certain mark upon envelopes, indicating the exact date on which the letter was posted. You will notice in the little circle on this particular envelope, that the date has been indicated as October 13. Of course, the day makes no particular difference, as the letter was mailed and received in the same day, resulting in a delivery the same day, provided it is mailed in the morning. However, you will notice that the time, within a half hour, in which a letter is received at the post office, is also marked on envelopes. The time on this particular envelope has been indicated as 5:30 P. M. You will recall that the coroner has stated the time of the death of Mr. Ellison to have been about

eleven o'clock. In other words, Russell, this letter was mailed about five hours after the crime was committed. From this comes the deduction that the young man wrote and mailed the letter to himself in order to add weight, doubtless, to his confession. And this, in my mind, clearly proves the boy's innocence."

"And that makes his father the murderer!" shouted the district attorney.

"Not necessarily. Neither is the murderer."

"But, Maxwell—"

"Russell, in your experience in the legal profession, has it never been called to your attention that very often filial love can lead one to confess falsely to a crime in order to shield his father?"

"Of course, but—"

"Has it not also been called to your attention that paternal love can also lead one to shield his son?"

"Of course, but—"

"Then why is it not possible for both cases to occur at the same time?"

"But—"

"I thought of that, too. In your absence, I took the liberty to question both father and son. From this I gathered the information that the son had noticed his father with a mysterious package from the drug store and that this had aroused his suspicions. I also learned that the father's suspicions were aroused when he noticed that the boy was a little later than usual in taking the medicine to his uncle. In other words, Russell, both men were attempting to shield the other."

"But, Maxwell, who is the murderer?"

"Three men live together in an apartment. No one else lives with them, not even a servant. One, who is an old bachelor, and a hopeless invalid, suddenly dies from poisoning. The other two men have nothing to do with it. What, then ,is the natural conclusion?"

"Why—er—"

"Precisely. And now, Russell, if you will excuse me, I have a Freshman algebra class in ten minutes and I fear I shall have some really hard problems to solve."

The Harlot

By George Baker

Standing in the shadows
Of a misty night,
She waits.
Beguiling those who will,
To purchase her
For bread.
Poor down-trodden woman,
Might have been
  A noble soul.

But now, alas, too late,
Social brands are on
Her head.
Ah, society conventional
In your standards
There's no trust.
For what of him,
Who in her youth,
Made her thus?

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing -- A Fighter

By Herbert Hucks, Jr.

Gustave Kuhne, an eminent German scholar, once said, "To go back to Lessing is to progress." Let us see if that statement can be held up to the test of proof:

"The eighteenth century was preeminently the age of criticism." As a result of the labors of the leaders in philosophical fields the new age was called the Enlightenment—and Lessing did his part in the freeing of the world from the dogmas and creeds of former ages.

The result of the enlightenment that had the most influence was the study of man. "What are his powers and his limitations?" That sentence rung in the ears of the writers and doers of the eighteenth century and was the question that set men to work to find out the wonders of the universe.

Lessing, not content with the results of the Renaissance — which had "been a mighty spiritual revolution" —was a leader in the new field of Humanitarianism. The Renaissance soon lost its sway and the world fell back into the rut made by the so-called Middle Ages. Spirituality had lost its importance in the Renaissance, because, for the thinkers of that period, "only what could be proved had positive value." Lessing took up the task left by some of his contemporaries and gave to the world his masterpiece, in which he gave his doctrine of Christianity, "Nathan der Weise."

In this book, Lessing proved himself to be a great critic. Four gifts allowed him to set forth to the world his views on the question of religion: "His marvelous power of analysis, his diligence, his catholicity of mind, and, perhaps more than all, his sparkling incisive style are at once the admiration and despair of subsequent followers of the craft."

Lessing's attitude toward Christianity showed his "catholicity of mind." He believed that "The purpose of all religion is the education of mankind to an understanding of God and the truth. Education gives man nothing that he could not get himself; it only gives it to him more quickly and more easily. So a revelation, which is God's textbook for the instruction of the human race, gives men nothing which they could not get by the exercise of their reason alone; it only makes their path to knowledge shorter."

Lessing compared the two books of the Bible—the Old Testament was for the people of its day—a people who were uneducated and who could understand only the rough and uncouth teachings of the prophets. The New Testament was intended for a people who were more ready to receive messages from God. "BUT NEITHER BOOK IN ITSELF IS RELIGION." "There was religion before there was a Bible." Thus Lessing proved, through "Nathan der Weise," "That Christianity is a matter of the heart." "The active manifestation of it is love. And that is all." To illustrate the theme of his story Lessing used the old parable of the rings, used before by Boccaccio, the Rabbi, Salome Ben Verga, and others. The hero of the story, the good, open-minded Jew, Nathan, relates it when he was asked which of the three religions, Judaism, Mohammedanism, or Christianity, did he consider the best. The Sultan had asked him that question, believing that he would be trapped, although he had the reputation of being "wise" in all matters. If he said that the religion of his forbears—Judaism, was the best, the Sultan could imprison him for not sticking to the religion of his country—Mohammedanism; if he

said that Mohammedanism was the best, the Sultan could get him for not being true to his fathers. Nathan quickly thought of the story of the rings: There once lived a man in the East who had a ring that he prized very much. It had the power "to render beloved by God and man whoever wore it CONFIDENT of this force." He gave this ring to his dearest son, who gave it to his, and so on.

Finally it came to the dearest son who had three sons. Each of these sons were equally loved by the father and it grieved him to show partiality to either of them. So he had a jeweler cast two more rings, modeled after the one that he had received from his father. When the jeweler brought them back the father could not tell the difference in them himself. He gave each son a ring and then died. The sons claimed the inheritance, each one as his own. They quarreled and took the case to a judge. The father could not be suspected of falsehood, they thought. "The true ring was no more to be distinguished than the true faith is to us now."

The judge saw through the case, but added that he was not there "to solve riddles." He added that he had heard that the TRUE ring possessed the power of making the owner beloved of God and man if the owner believed in that power. So he said: "That must decide the case. Which one do two of you love best? Come! Declare it! Is it possible that each of you loves himself the most! If so, you are all deceived. All three rings are not true. The true ring probably was lost, and so to conceal the loss your father had three made instead of one. LET EACH ONE BELIEVE FIRMLY THAT HIS RING IS THE TRUE ONE. It is certain that he loved all three alike, because he would not humble two in order to favor one. Well then let each one strive with all his might to equal this incorruptible, unprejudiced love, to demonstrate the power of his ring by his life. Let each one aid this power with gentleness, with kindness, and with love and heart-felt trust in God. Then if the virtues of yon stones appear among your children's children's children, I summon you, many thousand years from now, before this judgment seat. A wiser man than I will set here and decide."

In the parable of the rings Lessing expounded his philosophy, and it is indeed a great one. If each religion of today would try to follow the principle laid down by Lessing in his version of the parable, there would be less quarreling and quibblings among the sects of today. The HEART is the place of the RELIGIOUS FEELINGS of the individual and there alone will he find the place to give vent to his feelings and emotions.

The leadership in Lessing dared to stand out from the beliefs of the other great men of his day. Emerson said: "He who would be a man, must be a non-conformist." Lessing proved that he was a freethinker and that he was not afraid to make attacks against those of prejudiced beliefs—"Nathan der Weise" was a stone thrust against a pastor who was one-sided and who withdrew when he saw that he had been beaten in argument by Lessing —who gave to the world a lesson of much import in the matter of religions.

He gave to each religion the desire to make that one the best, provided it was done from the inside of the heart and not from mere sake of argument.

WORDS

Policarpos Ramantanin

Most of us refer to the dictionary only when we are in doubt as to the meaning or spelling of some word; yet, a good dictionary can be very entertaining and instructive. With it we can "profitably waste" our spare time. It not only answers our questions, but it leads us into adventurous paths. It is a spider's web where every thread connects us with thrills, romance, intrigue, war, panics and pestilences. In seeking the derivation of words through these threads or clues we can ride on *chariots, hansoms,* Roman *Galleys, bicycles, automobiles* or *submarines;* we can cross the Styx or we can attempt the *stratosphere* in a *helium* filled gondola; we can taste *ambrosia, port* wine, *sirloin* steak or we can eat a *sandwich.*

Let us take a look at some of these fascinating words. The word *write* first meant to scratch on stone, metal, or wood and later on wax. From "scratching" on stone we get *lithograph.* This in turn gives us an interesting word of bad repute, *graft.* About 1860 circus lithographs became very popular. Because they were very expensive, they had to be gathered up and reused. The one who collected them was called a lithographer. It became customary, when the lithographer had gathered in all he could recover, to say that the town was lithographed which was shortened to graphed. The lithographer was paid about five cents for each returned lithograph. It did not take him long to find out that the storekeepers whose windows had lithographs on them were willing to pay him much more than he was getting to leave them, because they hated to see the gay-colored circus scenes leave their drab store-fronts. This money became graft money and the privilege to bargain with the storekeepers was called *graft.* The shoot used in grafting trees was said to be like a pencil "graphium" whence *graphite.* In surgery it means the transplanting of tissue. Perhaps the word *graft* comes to us through grafting trees instead of through lithograph. From this same root we have *grammar, graph, telegraph,* and many other words. We speak of one's literary *style.* The "stylus" was a sharp pointed instrument used in writing on wax tablets. From implement it came to mean the manner of writing; then the manner of thought and now we have ladies' *styles.*

We find that *book* means "beech-tree" and that characters were scratched or carved on the wood on the beech tree; that *code* means tree-trunk (compare *cortex* in anatomy and *codicil* in law.)

In Egypt the papyrus, a plant like the broom corn, was made into *paper.* Then someone found that sheepskins could be written on so we have *parchment* from Pergamum in Asia Minor, perhaps famous for her sheepskins. Now sheepskins are *diplomas* (twice-folded). *Vellum* (veal) means calfskin. *Volume* means a roll of sheepskin, calfskin or papyrus. The place where the volumes were kept was a *library* from "liber" the inner bark of a tree. We sue someone for *libel* literally little book; for defamatory accusations were usually written in small books. The unrolling and rolling of the volumes gives us *evolution* and *revolution* . We get *ink* from egkauslon—to burn in. The characters on the skins were perhaps first burnt in. This gives us *cauterize* and *caustic. Pen* comes from a word meaning feather or quill; *pencil* means a little tail used as a brush. *Page* means fasten. Later the skins were fastened together and each was

a page. *Pageant* comes from the same root and means the fastened framework that made up the platform or stage.

Pecuniary tells us that cattle were once used for money; *salary* is salt money or an allowance of salt paid to soldiers. This practise was followed during the Civil War when salt was so scarce. *Calculus* and *Calculation* tells us that stones or pebbles were used for counting purposes. *Money* comes from the temple of Juno Moneta to which the Roman mint was attached. Moneta means the admonisher. *Silver* gets its name from Salube, a city, and *gold* perhaps comes from a geographical name. *Copper* is from Cyprus. *Metal* means mine. *Bankrupt* is a broken bench. *Coin* means a stamping instrument. *Calico* is Calicut, a town. *Damask* is from Damascus. *Bayonnet* is from Bayonne. *Candy* is break as a verb or gravel as a noun. In Joachimsthaler coins of a particular design were first made. These were called after the last part of Joachimsthaler, thaler, and finally it becomes our *dollar*. *Cash* is money box; assets has satis in it meaning enough. *Pendant* means a hanging ornament; *pendulum* is a hanging body free to swing back and forth. *Barter* first meant to cheat. Happily it has now changed its meaning. It is very *exasperating*, "asper" means rough, to receive a *dun*. Joe Dun, so the story goes, was a London bailiff who was successful in collecting debts for the merchants. To *afford* is to be able to go to the forum, the market place of Rome. *Currants* are raisins from Corinth. Persons who failed to pay their debts were *incarcerated* — put into prison.

Although *astronomy* is now a science yet, *astrology* shows us the superstitions of the ancients. *Disaster* is the time when the stars were unfavorably situated. Aster means star. *Consider* means star-gaze. When we find it difficult to write don't we bite our pencils and turn our eyes heavenwards for inspiration? *Sinister* means ominous and the left hand. When birds were used to foretell the future, their appearance on the left hand was sinister. *Profane* means before the temple. Those who could not enter were left before the temple. *Fanatics*, those who pass their time in temples. Often they would show a wild enthusiasm as if divinely inspired. It was not unusual for them to cut and slash their arms or to beat their heads. *Lunatic* comes from "luna" the moon. The moon was said to affect lunatics. In the East there was a tribe of fanatics who were addicted to the use of the drug hashish. The drug caused them to commit murder for the glory of their divinity. They became known as hashishians which finally became *assassins*.

The word *cop is* said by some to be an abbreviation of constable of police; others say it comes from their brass "copper" badges. *Lip* is said to be an abbreviation of "to insure promptness." It is said that every inn had a box with the three letters on it by every room, so that every traveler could get prompt service by depositing a coin in this box.

Magazines were originally store houses or arsenals. The old English journals printed the initial letters of the four compass points, N-E-W-S on their papers to show that their *news* came from all over the globe. Another example of the supposed use of the four cardinal points of the compass to form a word is in the name of the first man *Adam*. Here the Greek letters were used.

A *Coward* was a cow hearted person. *Poltroon* means a coward or a sluggard but we feel its force much more if we know that it means one who has deprived himself of his thumb. In ancient times it was not unusual for a man to cut off the thumb on his right hand in order to avoid enlistment in the army as such a mutilation made him unfit to handle a weapon.

Poltroons would sacrifice their thumbs rather than run the risk of losing their lives? *Scrupulous* means full of small, sharp stones. A person who had stones in his shoes or sandals must proceed carefully. *Sincere* means waxless. Pottery that was *sincere* was genuine or free of defects for it was customary among venders of statuary and pottery to use wax to conceal defects in their ware. An *intoxicated* person was one who was wounded by a poisoned arrow (toxic, toxicology, etc.). A *supercilious* person is one who is haughty, overbearing. Literally it means a person fond of lifting his eyebrows. The term highbrowish is sometimes heard. *Trivial* means three crossroads. The conversation or happenings at a cross road were commonplace or trivial.

When the *Curfew* (originally a bell rung to warn the inhabitants of a town to cover their fires) rings it is time to retire. The earlier meaning of the word *hearse* is a framework to support the candles usually put around the coffin at a funeral. Another meaning of the word was furrow hence to *rehearse* is to refurrow. A *coffin* was a basket or a case, and even a pie crust! In Greek a coffin is a flesh-eater! *Requiem* means rest and comes from the mass said for the dead. *Dirge* is from the same service. *Funeral* is burial. *Apparition* is an appearance. *Ghost* means spirit. *Salvation* is soul saving. *Salvage* means to save. *Heaven* is sky; the plural means a home of the blessed. *Hell* is the "house of the dead" now "the future home of the damned." *Church* means house of the Lord. *Cemetery* is a sleeping place. In the church the Latin word "scribere" to write became *shrive.* Either the absolution of the priest was a written statement or it was thought of as having the validity of a "written" law. *Bonfire* means bonefire. During plagues bones of the dead were heaped up and burned.

A *magnet* is a stone from Magnesia which also gives us *magnetism, magnesia* and *manganese. Sandwich* brings to mind the Earl of Sandwich who, while gambling, was wont to put a slice of meat between two slices of bread to appease his hunger. Years ago the body was thought to contain four liquid substances: blood, bile, phlegm, and black bile. Good health was dependent upon a balanced mixture of these liquids. This balance was a man's *temperment.* If a man was of a *sanguinous* temperment, he had more blood; if *bilious,* more bile, and if *phlegmatic,* more phlegm.

Panic is from the mythical god of the shepherds who frightened the sheep. *Pantry* is from "panis," *bread. Hansom* is named after its inventor. *Sedan* comes from the Latin "sedere" to sit. *Comrade* is a roommate. *Companion* is one who eats bread with you. A *dormitory* is a place to sleep. *Rostrum* originally meant beak. In Rome there was an elevated place adorned with the beaks of captured ships where orations were delivered. *Tantalize* is from Tantalus who, for his crimes, was condemned to perpetual hunger and thirst with food and water near him but which he could never get. *Helium,* from a word meaning sun, was first discovered on the sun.

EASY STREET

By L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.

It was a small article—in fact the smallest article on the page. Perhaps that was why I noticed it. It read: "Clay Potter, 51, of Welton, was struck and instantly killed by an automobile near here. Potter was drunk."

* * * *

I remember the first time I went to the factory. We had just moved to Welton, and we all felt kind of excited and out of place. One day Dad came home "all smiles." You know how Dads smile when they're pleased and satisfied and when business is better. At dinner we talked and talked. It's lots of fun to be at a new place where you know hardly anyone. You just talk about things and guess and hope. Mother liked the neighbors, and Dad talked about the factory. I listened mostly, and thought about the little girl next door.

Dad said, "Mother, it's not as far to the factory as I thought. There's a short cut. I think I'll take Jim over this evening."

After dinner we set out. We walked to the end of the pavement. From there we could see the factory. Dad pointed it out to me through the trees. It was a large tin-covered building. We left the road and followed a snaky path that crossed a brook. Then we climbed a sloping green hill. I loved it! Everything was so fresh, cool and lovely—and Dad was holding my hand. When we got half way up the hill, we could see the roof of the factory. From there on, every step we took brought more of it into view. Finally, we reached the top and then we just stopped and looked. Dad said, "How do you like her, son? She's ours." And I felt happy and proud of Dad. But I didn't say anything, and Dad just squeezed my hand.

We went inside. Everything was dusty. Dust was even floating around in the air. It made my throat tickle so that I had to sneeze. My eyes stung from it. There were huge piles of mattresses in one side of the building. It looked to me like about a thousand. There was a big table with a mattress on it, and a man was sewing the mattress. Dad led me toward the table, and said to the man, "Clay, take charge of the new boss. I've got to step out for a little." Dad left, and I just stood. Clay said, "Stand back a bit, little boss, and watch me finish this one. Then we'll look around."

I watched Clay. I didn't like him much. He was too dirty. His face was freckled, and his eyes were watery. Tobacco juice was on his lips. He had on a dirty apron with pockets. I thought that he was even dirtier than the little boy who lived near me, and with whom mother wouldn't let me play. I liked to watch Clay's needle. It was long, and sharp on both ends. He had a leather band around his hand that he used to keep the needle from sticking him. Every now and then he would stop and pull the twine tight. When he had finished rolling the edges, he stuck his needle in the mattress and said to me, "Come on, little boss."

First we went in to see the sewing lady. Her name was Miss Mat. She was sitting at a big sewing machine. I liked her very much. We looked at the pretty colored tickings, and she gave me some scraps to take home. Clay told her to fix me up so we could go into the ginhouse, and she cut a piece of ticking with her scissors and tied it over my nose and mouth.

In the ginhouse I could hardly see, the dust was so thick. There were big wheels and belts. They made so much noise that

I couldn't hear what Clay was saying. I was scared. Old Mose was feeding cotton into the gin. He had a cloth over his nose and mouth. He smiled and said something to us, but we couldn't hear him. I was glad when we went out. Dad had come back, and then he took me home.

After that I went over to the factory every time mother would let me. I liked to go there even better than I liked to play with my little next door neighbor. Sometimes I would stay all of an afternoon. I would jump around on the piles of mattresses, and Clay would tell me when Dad was coming so I wouldn't be caught. Sometimes I would go back in the ginhouse, and old Mose would let me cut on the machinery and feed the cotton. Or I would just sit and watch Clay sew, and listen to him talk. Clay knew more funny jokes, and he would sing smutty little songs—songs that I couldn't tell Dad. But I liked it best when Clay would talk about himself and his old mother. He'd say with tears in his voice, "Boy, your mother's the best thing you've got. God knows that I ain't been much help to mine yet, but I'm going to be. I'm headed for easy street, and when I get there I'll fix the little lady up."

Saturday was the day I liked to go to the factory most. That was pay day. I would go over early and wait around till twelve o'clock when everybody was paid off. Then Clay would take me down to the store and buy us a cold drink. When we had finished our drinks he would buy two bags of candy and give me one of them. The other he would put in his pocket for his mother. Then we would say goodbye, and I would go home.

One day when I was at the factory, Clay got very sick. He vomited on the floor. Tom, the boy who drove the truck, and Mose carried him out to the truck and took him home. I heard Tom say, "The damn fool ought to leave that stuff alone."

* * * *

One day about two years after the factory had closed—Dad was travelling now—I was at a baseball game. It was a good game, too. Welton beat Parkville 4 to 1. When we were going out, some one laid a hand on my shoulder. I turned around and there was Clay.

"Hello," little Boss. How you've growed up!" He seemed very glad to see me.

"Hello Clay," I said, "What are you doing now?"

He didn't say anything for a while. Then he said, "It was a shame about the old factory."

I said that it was. Clay looked worse than I had ever seen him.

I asked, "How is your mother, Clay?"

"She's dead," he said.

"I'm so sorry." I felt embarrassed. I said that I had to go. I reached out to shake his hand. When I drew my hand back he had put a half dollar in it.

"Oh Clay, I couldn't."

"Keep it," he said. "I've got plenty. I'm on easy street.

"Oh Clay, I couldn't." I put the money in his pocket and turned and ran after my friends. When I looked back, Clay was still looking at me.

* * * *

I read the article again. It made me feel funny. I thought, "Clay's on easy street, now."

THE LIFE OF SCHILLER

By T. K. Fowler

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, in Marbach in Wurtemberg of parents in moderate circumstances. His father, by turns a surgeon and an army officer, was a vigorous, intelligent man of independent character; his mother, gentle and devoted to her family, imparted to her children her own love of poetry. A sister Christophine, two years older than Schiller, was naturally his companion in childhood and friend through life.

After residence in Ludwigsburg the family moved in 1764 to Lorch, a village in eastern Wurtemberg, where Schiller passed three years which seemed to be the happiest he ever experienced. It was here that he got his first schooling and private lessons in Latin and Greek from the stern, yet kindly Pastor, Moses, whose name he made immortal in his drama *The Robbers.*

In 1767 his family again returned to Ludwigsburg and there Schiller's parents decided that he should study theology and become a clergyman. Schiller was not interested in this, especially after seeing a drama in 1768 which awoke his interest in that field.

In 1773 Karl Eugen, Duke of Ludwigsburg, forced Schiller's father to send him to a school which was located near Stuttgart, to study law. Schiller, however, did not like this and did not do very well in scholarship. Later, however, the school added a school of medicine and Schiller began to study medicine. He pursued this study with distinction. By this time, however, his interest for literature had grown and he had written a few plays and a few poems. In the year 1779 he won three prizes for plays that he had written.

After he finished the medical school he received a position of low rank in the army. Schiller was now ordered to service at Stuttgart where he visited his parents often and also did some writing. While he was there he wrote *The Robbers* which is the most remarkable of Schiller's early plays. The Duke of Wurtemberg saw the play, however, and reprimanded him and he had to flee. He didn't have any money and traveled under an assumed name. A widowed friend offered him a home and he lived with her until he found out that the Duke did not mean to punish him. He then contracted to furnish several plays, but gave it up after one year. He, then broken in health, turned to journalism which venture failed financially. He then received an invitation to make his home in Leipzig with Gottfried Korner, an admirer. He became interested in history and Goethe helped him, in 1789, to get a professorship at the University of Juna. He then married and was happy, but in about a year ill health set in and he was again in poverty. He managed, however, through the generosity of a prince, to take a trip to Karlsbad which greatly benefited his health.

In 1794 Goethe visited him and they became co-editors of a periodical, *Die Horen* but it was received coldly, and both poets were criticized severely by mediocre writers of the day.

In 1799 Schiller moved to Weimar in order to be nearer Goethe and the theater. From this point dates some happy years for Schiller. His salary was doubled; his income from publishers was considerable. But he had but five years to live. As if realizing this, he wrote several dramas among them *Wilhelm Tell.* These made him Germany's greatest dramatist. He died on May 9, 1805, from consumption.

A Civilization Higher Than Ours

By Paul G. Smith

Perhaps one of the most famous funeral orations ever written was the one Thucydides, the historian, put in the mouth of Pericles. From it I take this quotation: ". . for we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness."

The Athenians were truly lovers of the beautiful as was shown in their literary work and in such famous sites as the Acropolis at Athens. Our present day architecture does not compare with the architecture displayed there. To the Athenians a good life was a beautiful life, —well rounded, symmetrical, and well proportioned. Their ideal was a beautiful soul in a beautiful body. They believed that all is dependent, in the last analysis, on one universal and all embracing truth— the ultimate source of all justice, truth, and beauty—the Idea of the Good.

These people were simple in their tastes. Temperance was considered a virtue. They chose only those things in life which would not only bring them happiness but would bring happiness to their fellowmen. The food of the Athenians was wholesome but simple. Their clothing was very simple but sufficient.

A youth of today cannot study Greek history without noticing and admiring the pictures of Athenian youths. And the artists have not been too free with their admiration. Through continuous exercise from the age of seven until he was twenty the boy became very muscular and graceful. The school for physical training, the *gymnasium* was as distinct as the literary school, the school of the *grammatist.*

And now let us turn to our present civilization and see just how far we have advanced. We may come to the realization that it is slipping back.

The youth and the adult of today are lovers of artificial beauty. They delight to hurry from their work and rush to the movies. Here they sit comfortably and watch the "shadows on the wall." Here we find them enjoying comedy and wisecrackery, or a passionate love scene. A little part of this kind of life is all right if we do not neglect the more important side of life. We do not study nature enough to really appreciate its beauty. Of course we read what the famous poets say and describe about nature but we are too critical of the style and meaning to appreciate the beauty in it. There is no desire to study the features of nature that always have excited men to study the phenomena of nature which enables them to better understand God. If we will understand God's handiwork we must study it "au naturel."

It is hard to pick out any simple tastes today. Man has become so enveloped in the pompous and outward appearances that he doesn't even desire to cultivate simple tastes. The college graduate leaves college with high and noble ideals, determined to live a simple and upright life. Then all around him he sees prominent men and women displaying their worldly riches and he soon falls in line. Simplicity may still be considered a virtue if we only allow it to be such. Let us bear in mind that "there is always room out at the front" and we will not mind being in a class by ourselves if we are abiding by standards of high ideals.

We cannot compare the last phrase of our quotation without attacking our present form of education. There is an urgent quest these days for education. But are we sure that the students know what

they come to college for, and if they know do they get it? The Athenians rightfully boasted that they cultivated the mind without the loss of manliness. Today we are faced with the fact that both are being neglected. The average college pupil enters school with the purpose of getting a diploma. He does not think much of the value of the subject as to whether it is the right thing to take that he might get his B. S. or his B. A. As long as a student is merely bent upon getting a diploma he doesn't care how little he knows when he finishes. Does the student study classical literature to derive a liberal education, get a larger vision, prepare himself for useful public service, or does he study it merely for disciplinary ends? Has education become narrow, fixed and formal, and has it lost the liberal spirit which animated its earlier promoters? Our literature of today compares in vulgarity with that of Shakespeare's and Baccacio's time. Does this mean that our writers are not capable of creating and holding attention?

The best specimen of American youth, in the physical sense, could not have been a match for the average Athenian youth. Young boys and men of today handicap their physical growth with whiskey, smokes, late hours, and over-eating. These tend to make the youth of the land inferior not only physically but mentally to the Athenian youth. Football is considered our greatest sport for the building of men. Right here we find a failure. The average football player leaves college the least prepared of any other student. Not only that but many leave the gridiron crippled for life, some breathe their last on the football field. The football coaches claim that their boys learn teamwork which will be beneficial to them in their life work. But what of the hundreds of star players who leave the gridiron expecting to "cash in" on their publicity! I am not advocating the removal of football from schools but do think that studies should come first and that there should be a higher scholastic standard for football players.

Some students find it immensely amusing to study the ancient Greeks. But if they would only realize how those Greeks would condemn our schools of "teasing education and our "lighter than feathers" ideals they would blush with shame. No civilization since has ever accomplished its aim of education as well as did the Greeks, and no civilization has ever been in such doubt as to what is the aim of education as our present civilization.

BOOK REVIEWS

THAT ROYAL LOVER BERCOVICI

By Robert M. Phillips

Everyone who remembers Queen Marie's visit to America (and surely everyone does) would find much entertainment in the reading of this book. Himself a Roumanian, Bercovici does not spare his native land in this truly remarkable book. From a purely impartial view he scores heavily the rulers, people, laws and customs of Roumania.

But most of all, he clarifies the general obscurity and frankly—almost brutally — exposes the whole rotten core and tiuue of the Roumanian administration. Queen Marie, Prince Carol, and the other members of the royal family, are portrayed in a hitherto unknown light. All the perfadious intrigue, and deceitful, lying machinations of politics are laid bare. All to the base lichen of this loudest of modern courts is revealed in an unmistakable manner. Politely, Bercovici does not detail the sordid, obscene debaucheries; he only mentions the sensual orgies, and the nationally stigma of the sin of Marie's children.

On the whole the book is interesting and amusing. Its clearness of language and force of exposition tend toward rapid, easy, reading. Try it!

SMITH

By Warwick Deeping

By Marion Bennett

Like all of Deeping's novels *Smith* is vitally human and is concerned with the developing of a character and personality. The book is so called after the main character, Smith. The man Smith is typical of thousands of the English working class, yet he has a vision beyond that of his class which makes him stand apart from the masses. Every effort of his is to rise above his present status in life and, when his great chance seems at last to come, it is thwarted as if by fate. Smith even rises above this disappointment and while still trying to overcome the difficulties standing between him and success, he is stricken with what seems a fatal illness. He triumphs over this, however, and is united with his family in a happy life and in ideal surroundings, even more ideal than he had ever dreamed or visioned.

This story is intensely human and appealing and rises above the novels of today in that it is more than just entertaining and soon forgotten. It has a deep, enriching meaning which makes it worthy of reading.

PRINCESS PRO TEM

By Arthur Train

By Marion Bennett

This is one of Train's latest books and is recommended to everyone as a very interesting and enjoyable novel. It is somewhat different from the usual love novel in that its actions take place in several countries among different races of people.

The main character is an American girl named Helen Stevens. She is the daughter of the son who renounced the crown of Illyria and came to America.

Her grandfather, King Stephan Stephanovitch, is getting old and recalls her to his mind. He has an heir named Milan who will succeed him unless something is done. Milan would not make a very good king because his ideas are not in sympathy with King Stephan's. Stephan decides to try to induce Helen to leave America and come and visit him. So he has his minister in America informed as to what his duties are concerning the matter.

The Illyrian minister calls on her and persuades her to pay her old grandfather a visit. When she consents to go she does not know of the perilous path through international intrigue on which she will walk.

On her voyage she meets an American, Brent, who is going to the same place as she in the interest of an oil company. As fate would have it, they fall in love.

Helen is taken captive by Milan's forces. He intends to take over control of the kingdom as soon as King Stephan dies.

King Stephan does die but no one is sure of the fact except the very closest of the nobles, although Milan has his suspicions.

Brent takes a plane full of men and rescues Helen. Milan brings his forces against those of the royal house and a terrible battle ensues. After much loss on both sides the forces of Helen headed by Brent are victorious.

In the end Brent and Helen decide to make Illyria a republic with their old friend "General Kosovo as dictator until the proper elections can be held."

EXCHANGE

THE WINTHROP JOURNAL

The November number is fittingly dedicated to the late Professor John Thompson Brown, who for twenty years was on the Winthrop faculty and, prior to his death, was head of the English department. Several of his poems appear on a succeeding page.

Research, the new trend of literary endeavor, takes the form of a very informing essay, "The Supernatural in Seneca and Shakespeare, by Elizabeth L. Wiggins, editor of The Journal. Miss Wiggins seems to be a scholar in Greek mythology.

Mary Haynsworth has transformed DuBose Heyward's poem, "The Mountain Woman," into a drama—not a bad way of developing the technique of writing drama when one can't think up an original plot.

The usual theme of the season is once again expressed in a sonnett by Jean Brabham—*Autumn,* of course. Will college students ever become different?

THE CRITERION

The editor seems to have trouble getting material for the publication of this magazine, as is the case with so many institutions. The literary part of the campus life seems to be lagging. The Criterion is not large enough. It has some good poems which show talent upon the part of the authors. The editorial *Contentment* is especially good.

Every day news, which occur in The Criterion, are not of any literary value. The pages could more commendably be filled with the accomplishment of some student in the field of essays, plays, or short stories.

THE CONCEPT

Chickens have personalities contends Helen Pugh in an essay. Miss Pugh unflinchingly gives vent to ideas that were often thought but ne'er so well expressed. She knows her henology and has a "weakness for roosters."

The magazine is unbalanced in that poems decidedly predominate. Where are the dramatists who wrote so freely last year?

THE ARCHIVE

Will college students ever become different? Yes, for here is our proof. To be different was the motive, it seems, running through the general make-up of Duke's November magazine. Richard A. Smith has completely transformed the appearance of The Archive.

Sheldon R. Harte, freshman intellectual giant, has shown remarkable ability and promise in a simple but impressive short story, "Whither, These Many Years."

College humor, in a much more accomplished form, is embodied in a critical and satirical essay, "England and Indigestion."

Leslie Albion Squirer, a veteran journalist so far as The Archive is concerned, is again with us. This time it's a drama, "It Must Be Fate."

THE OLD LINE

The Old Line, like The Yowl, has comparatively too many jokes, but it has made great headway considering the fact that it is only now in its fourth year of publication. It has promise of being one of the best.

THE YOWL

Probably no better criticism can be given a publication than that by a student of the school of which the issue is his paper. A Davidson pupil says of *The Yowl,* "The first edition of *The Yowl* was received with much enthusiasm.

"The Yowl was somewhat of a new idea this year, in that in the October issue there are some articles of a more literary nature.

"An article on Prohibition was widely read and discussed, the attitude of the article being against prohibition.

"The jokes, as the nucleus of the Yowl, were up to their usual standard in this issue, consisting both of original and exchanged humor."

This is the point that we would like to lay stress upon. A literary magazine is not supposed to be filled to overflowing with jokes. Certainly one now and then might add to the publication, but pages upon pages of jokes do not show any literary aptitude.

There are some good articles in The Yowl, but they are too scarce, a number of the pages being filled with humor. We suggest that more time and space be given to literary materials and a little less to jokes.

THE PERISCOPE

We realize that the magazine is a literary supplement to The Periscope, but the publication could be a little more elaborate. Because of the smallness all the fields of literary development cannot be covered.

All the articles are good and well thought out—the poem *Immortality* especially.

More poems could easily be added while invading also the other literary fields heretofore left barren.

THE PAINETTE

This one comes from our brothers of the colored race at Paine College of Augusta, Georgia. They are to be commended upon their attainments in composition and the art of writing.

Their resources are limited, and they do not have the opportunities and facilities that an up to date "white" college has. In a short way the whole field is covered. *The Painette* shows us that the colored race can do things when given a chance.

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HOLMAN GOSSETT

YOUR FRIEND--GOD
(*One-Act Play*)
L. HUNTER

THE SUBLIMEST WORD
(*Short Story*)
W. C. HERBERT, JR.

O RARE BEN JONSON
(*Biographical Sketch*)
BETTY DUPRE

POETRY
L. HUNTER
F. R. ATKINSON
L. MOFFIT CECIL, JR.
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EXCHANGE
GORDON HUGHES

VOLUME 44 NUMBER 3

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IN MEMORIAM

REUBEN GALLMAN

1911 1934

EDITORIAL

REUBEN GALLMAN

"The good die young" is an ancient adage. In the case of Reuben it is so. A good boy, a clean sport, a physical specimen of the highest type, a keen student, a gentleman, and fighter with the keenest appreciation of what these things meant.

We shall miss him during these days which lie ahead. When the whistle blows for the kick-off next fall we shall miss him then. But let us remember that Reuben has gone to join that galaxy of Wofford immortals. "He is not dead, he sleepeth." He shall remain our unseen guest and his spirit, along with all other truly Wofford men who have gone on, shall pervade the hearts of his teammates and classmates and each of them shall remember Reuben and try to do a little more and thus make up for Reuben's part.

To his family, to his classmates, to his teammates, and to his fraternity, *The Journal* wishes to express its deepest sympathy for so great a loss. For the loss which our alma mater has sustained words are expressionless.

AMERICA MUST DREAM

America must learn to dream again, to recapture the spirit of that old dream which sent settlers across stormy seas to untracked forests in search of some mystic freedom; of that dream which pushed the pioneers westward, ever westward, over bison-dotted prairies, though countless human skeletons marked their progress; of that dream which has given, for the first time in the history of the world, universal free education, and which has sent almost a million young men and women each year to colleges and universities; of that dream which has raised the common, lowly man to a new self-respect; of that dream which has elevated lofty skyscrapers as an emblem of man's achievement; of that dream which has put twenty million families on wheels and sent them laughing down a hundred thousand miles of happy roads; of that dream which shall some day bring a real brotherhood for all.

The old dream has failed. America has lost her nerve. Her courage, for the first time in one hundred and fifty years, has slipped through her fingers. Her whole economic organization has been thrown into chaos. In awe, men speak of the "machine", the Frankenstein monster that America has made and that now is about to destroy her.

The only salvation from this threat hanging over her head is to take the greed for material things out of men's hearts.

What America needs today, then, is new symbols and new yard-sticks — symbols and yardsticks other than the dollar by which to measure success.

We can still keep all that is best and finest in this precious "rugged individualism" of ours. We won't have to sacrifice one whit of our zest for the high adventure of life and the joy of accomplishment. We will simply let the individual strive for glory, for the beautiful satisfaction of self-attainment, for the respect of his fellowmen, for the sweet contentment that comes from service—only let him stop this cruel, grinding battle for money.

Let this roaring machine of efficiency assure him comforts and a secure old age, and then let him spend his years and his dreams in following kindlier desires than that of piling up money. Let him be greedy for reputation and perfection, but

not for dollars. Remove the necessity for the savagery of struggle for individual needs, and the world will advance thousands of years in one step.

These are dreams, but dreams are another word for ideals. That's what America needs—a new set of ideals. Ideals which will replace the old materialistic striving for possessions, for what we can have rather than what we can be. America must dream again, but this time of a plan to make the common American the happiest man in the world.

WOFFORD DRAMATIC CLUB

After a season of apparent dormancy the Wofford Dramatic Club is "looking up" and from reports current on the campus it really seems to be trying to do something. Those who are pushing its activities need to be congratulated on the endeavor to really give us a Dramatic Club. There is always an audience for amateur stage productions, and the training in dramatics which those who participate in such activities receive is invaluable in several respects.

The editor of one of Converse College's publications suggested, in an editorial a few days ago, that a cooperative plan whereby the clubs of the two institutions could work together on productions would be of the greatest benefit to both clubs. The Journal heartily indorses such a plan. Converse has the stage paraphernalia, a director of dramatics who knows her work, and a group of talented young women who have been well trained in amateur acting. Wofford has none of the facilities that Converse has, therefore it would be worth the time of the club to gain the knowledge that such a plan would give it.

SOLACE

By F. R. Atkinson

Turbulent, massive, deep.
Who knows
The secrets that the seas enclose?
Belching forth a foamy brine
And surge,
Can anything for me emerge?

Latent, tempting, luring.
You bore
The Ancients to a New World lore.
Now bear to me allusively
A thought
Of vanity in all I've wrought.

Surging, mysterious, elusive—
That's life!
A cumulative joy eclipses strife.
It rushes to a foaming crest
To break,
And bitter woes reek in its wake.

CIGARETTE

By L. Hunter

A cigarette—a fireplace,
A simple soulful strain
Of mutual brass and deep stringed bass—
The rythm of the vain;
And abstract mind—a tired face,
A thought of pleasant pain,
Two drooping eyes—a dream to waste,
Seek spots where love has lain.

Creative force comes into play;
I take it as my guide;
It takes a year and days away
And leaves our lives untied.
Words,—as we met, and stop't to pray—
A vow that now has died,
Upon the grave of love they lay,
Like ashes by my side.

National Unity in American Education

By Holman Gossett

(Winning speech in the Wofford Oratorical Contest)

In this present decade, in this modern civilization which we have so highly developed, we spend much time in discussing the conditions of the world, and then we Americans pat ourselves on the back and think that America is better in every way than any other nation.

Today we hear much discussion concerning education from every side, the advances that it has made, its advantages and short comings, and our rural and city school systems.

We continue our discussion along these lines, without *giving a single thought as to the ultimate purpose* of our system of education in America. The educational systems of Europe have a purpose. The ancient and the modern educators tell us that education can accomplish any purpose you want it to, good or bad.

Let me give you a few examples of educational systems and illustrations of the lasting results accomplished by them. The city state of Sparta was located in a plain, and surrounded by mountains. Sparta was inhabited by a warlike people, and the Spartans were thought of for a long time as the most able fighters in Greece. Education for citizenship in Sparta, meant education for usefulness in an intensely military state. The Spartans emphasized and most highly prized strength, courage, obedience, and patriotism. Therefore as a result of her system of education, Sparta gave almost nothing to the beautiful things in life, such as, religion, art, and literature. But, she left some splendid examples of heroism, such as, the sacrifice of Leonidas and his Spartans to hold the pass at Thermoplae, and today Sparta stands out as an example of what education wrongly directed can do to a country.

In Athens just the opposite situation prevailed. The purpose of the educational system in Athens was to teach the Athenian children to seek the truth, and to be good citizens. And up through the ages, the Greek spirit, love of freedom and confidence in the power of truth, has been the driving impulse that has carried each rising nation on to success.

On the other hand, Rome had still a different form of education. The Romans taught their children law and order, and they idealized force and effectiveness. The Romans believed in nationalization, and in time Rome earned for herself the name of law-giver. The Romans united the ancient world into one vast empire, with common traditions and speech, which made the triumph of Christianity possible, and today we are studying the language she handed down to us.

And now, let us turn our thoughts to our own country, and to the educational conditions in America. When this nation was founded, there was no national educational system provided. "Our federal constitution does not mention education, but by implication in the 10th amendment, the subject is left to the separate states. At first the church alone provided a few schools. As time passed, we accumulated a little wealth, and at the same time saw the need of better schools, but we were slow in providing these schools, and slower still in providing a means by which to support them. We waited until 1821 to found our first high school, and then it took us a long time to follow up this beginning. Out of these conditions, it is quite easy to understand how we did not develop any national educational system.

The first American colleges, such as

Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, were founded mainly to educate ministers. But today this is not the sole purpose of our higher institutions of learning. We have universities and colleges throughout the land, which teach every trade imaginable, but we do not have a national educational system for our schools to go by. Each school must teach in its own way, and emphasize the things that its faculty think important. The individual states must provide and support their own schools. It seems that the only common purpose that all of the states have, is to give as many children as possible, a high school education, just as quickly and economically as they can and then these high school graduates are urged to go on to college. Not only do we lack a national educational system, but there is still no special purpose in our education as far as the state is concerned; and most individuals have no special purpose or reason for getting an education.

Too many of the college graduates expect to get a good job because they have graduated from some college. The business world says that they must start at the bottom and come up. The graduates do not like this idea, and we hear more people saying each year, that a college education doesn't pay. This difficulty can be solved, when we adopt a more centralized and better organized form of education.

Let us examine the system of education in South Carolina, one with which all of us should be familiar. We have universities and colleges; high schools and secondary schools. The state is divided into counties, townships and districts. In the towns and thickly settled communities we find good schools. In the more sparsely settled districts we find too many inefficient one-teacher schools. These one-teacher schools are a serious handicap to our country. They are a relic, coming down to us from our pioneer days, which must be abolished.

South Carolina spends less per capita for education than almost any other state. On an average she pays her teachers less than seven hundred ($700.00) dollars a year. The average day laborer makes more than this, and he doesn't have to spend four years in college to prepare him for his work; and in spite of all this, the politicians who manage the affairs of this state, boast that our schools are among the best, even if some of our small schools do not run more than four or five months a year. As a result of all this South Carolina ranks next to Louisiana, the most illiterate state in the Union.

The examples of educational systems, their purpose, and the results accomplished by them, which I have given you, show that by adopting the right form of educational system, a country can accomplish anything it wants to.

Sparta, because of her educational system, gave to the world some unsurpassed examples of heroism. Athens made some unforgettable contributions to the world, in the form of literature, philosophy and art; and the system of law, that Rome codified, has influenced the entire western world.

What this rising young nation will give to the world, no one knows, but we must consolidate our rural schools, we must have a national educational system, with a purpose. This educational system should be founded upon the traditions and ideals that our forefathers held in mind, such as universal suffrage, trial by jury, freedom of speech, of press, and of pulpit. A system of education that does not contain these ideals would be useless. We can and we must make it possible for all children in America to have equal educational opportunities. We must have national unity in our American system of education, we must strive to create a national conscience, and by so doing, America will produce better citizens, and we will have a better world in which to live.

ROMANCE

By Bob Philips

It was the most romantic spot imaginable. It seemed that only peace and joy could be here; for, from the gentle sighing in the pine trees, to the gentler, intermittent gurgles of the eddying shore currents, tranquility reigned supreme. A wonderful harvest moon infringed its rounded brilliance on the sky. Its silvery light diffused the gossamer branches of the firs, transformed the gloomy woods into a fairyland of marvelous light and transient shadowy quiverings.

But it was upon the broad, extended river that the greatest change was wrought. From a dismal, unfathomable stream of Ltygian waters and sinister mutterings, it became an elfin highway, with gentle ripples of invitation and promise, and a shining moon path down which Mab herself would have been only too happy to dance.

As that wonderful luminant slowly ascended its uncharted path a subdued splash gave token that this wonderful spot would not be left unappreciated by man. Presently from the upper curve of the river drifted a long, narrow canoe; an intimate thing for two. In the stern sat an athletic figure, nobly proportioned, and with that trained poise and sway of powerful body that betokens a son of the gods. The other figure was slight and frail. The features were in shadow because the back was down-stream and toward the moon. But a blanket draped around this person showed evidence of great care on someone's part.

The two were conversing, but only the unintelligible murmur of their voices carried to the shore. I could distinguish, however, a pleasing masculine tone from a much lighter, and sweeter, and more effeminate strain. The two seemed in perfect agreement with each other—as who could help being on such a night. In response to a word from his companion the paddler sang in a pure tenor of good quality, and in time to the rhythmic swing of his blade, an old, beautiful, waltz. "Down the River of Golden Dreams." After the harmonic conclusion of this song, he consulted a watch, and then changed his mood. The cadence of the paddle changed to fox-trot time; the voice accompanied with the rollicking bars of "Walkin' My Baby Back Home"; and Eddie Lothan, New England sculling champ, hastened home from his nightly grind with Alie McColl, his little Scotch trainer.

YOUR FRIEND--GOD

By L. Hunter

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DR. AINSLIE: Senior surgeon at St. Mercy Hospital.

STILES: Interne surgeon.

GADGET: A head nurse.

SCENE—*Hospital office of Dr. Ainslie. To the left is a door. Back stage center is a wide window. To the left of the window is a white medicine cabinet filled with test tubes and drugs. To the right of the stage is a business desk, upon which is a box phone and a french phone, books and papers. The rest of the furnishings are what one expects to find in a doctor's office, such as books and charts, etc.*

SCENE ONE

(*Dr. Ainslie is seated at the desk bending over a sheaf of official papers. He reads intently for a while, then, without stopping, reaches over and snaps on the box phone*):

Dr. Ainslie: Send in Stiles.

(*He continues to read. A young man, dressed in white enters and comes up to the desk. Dr. Ainslie puts aside the papers.*)

Dr. Ainslie: Good morning, Stiles.

Stiles: Good morning, sir.

Dr. Ainslie (*stretching*): I won't make my regular rounds this morning. I'm going to attend the Chamber of Commerce luncheon. So tell me what's important and I'll leave the rest until tomorrow.

Stiles: Except for the Maddox boy there is nothing pressing.

Dr. Ainslie (*surprised*): I had forgotten him. (*He again snaps the box phone on.*) Gadget, send in the X-ray plate of the Maddox boy. (*Turns back to Stiles*). How is he today? Did he rest well?

Stiles: Still in terrible pain but somewhat stronger, I think. He must have been a healthy boy, Dr. Ainslie; he has been through enough to have killed half a dozen normal boys. (*He sighs and shakes his head.*) *I'm getting more or less hardened to other's sufferings, but Maddox* — somehow or other — seems to get under my skin.

Dr. Ainslie: Forget about it. A doctor is one person who can't be sentimental. Take the night off and find amusement for yourself. You've been on too big a strain. So— (*the box phone rings. He picks up the receiver and listens. He begins to frown, then storms gruffly*:)

Why don't you give her a hypodermic! Does that heifer think she's the only person in this hospital that's going to have a baby! (*He hangs up grumbling*).

(*A nurse enters carrying a large cardboard envelope which she places on the desk.*)

Anything else, Dr. Ainslie?

Dr. Ainslie: No Gadget. (*Pauses*) *Oh,* by the way, go down and find out what's the matter with Mrs. Friedman. She's a nuisance, besides she's too old to have babies.

(*Gadget laughs and goes out. Dr. Ainslie takes out the X-rays. He examines them carefully, then exclaims*):

Marvelous, —marvelous — exactly the same. Look, Stiles. This fracture is identical with the one of the Bearden girl. The same cervic break—the same position — why—it's a perfect reproduction. Two unexplainable fractures—well—well—

(*Stiles looks, then asks frightened.*)

Stiles: Yes but—didn't the Bearden girl —I, mean—didn't she go crazy?

Dr. Ainslee: Yes-Yes! The pressure of the fragmentary break severed the nerves. In time the pieces of the fracture, under the external pressure work them-

selves through the brain. They sever the nerves and the patient becomes insane, partially from pain. (*Takes up another plate.*)

Dr. Ainslie: This is the anterior view. Not as clear as the posterior but plain enough. (*He lays the plates down and turns to Stiles*) There's no hope for the poor boy. His skull's shattered without the shadow of a doubt. These X-rays are too revealing. He will be insane the rest of his days.

Stiles: Wouldn't an operation help?

Dr. Ainslie: (*Emphatically*) Useless, Stiles, absolutely useless. If it were a straight fracture alone an operation could be performed to relieve the pressure on the brain. But when the skull is shattered—there is no human agency, no matter how skillful, that can repair such an injury.

(*Stiles nods.*)

Dr. Ainslie: Well they're both the same. Such a similarity is not likely to occur again in medical history.

Stiles (*impulsively after a moments thought*): Doesn't it seem almost sacreligious, Dr. Ainslie, for us to fight as we have to keep him alive when the only life he can expect will be far worse than death. Why, to die would mean happiness to me were I in his fix.

Dr. Ainslie (*sarcastically*): As a theory the principle of mental-mercy makes an interesting subject, but the practical side is different. You are looking at the darkest side. Suppose an unforeseen change should occur—?

Stiles: But the X-rays show a hopeless case—

Ainslie: Allow always for the possibility of error. Never forget we are human.

(*He looks suddenly at his watch, takes his hat and gloves from the desk*).

Ainslie: I'm late now. Come up in the morning.

Stiles: Anything further about the Maddox boy?

Ainslie (*putting on his gloves*): Well, if he should get depressed you might give him a hypodermic of morphine — a fifth grain should do.

Stiles: Five grains?

Ainslie: No! No! One-fifth. (*He leaves.*)

(*Stiles walks to the window and looks thoughtfully out. He returns to the desk and sits down. He takes up the X-ray plates and stares at them. Sighing, he snaps on the desk phone.*)

Stiles (*into box phone*): Send Gadget in.

(*He leans back in the chair and stares ahead. Gadget enters.*)

Gadget: Did you ring for me, sir.

Stiles: How is the Maddox boy? Any signs of improvement?

Gadget: None at all, in fact, he is becoming delirious. He talks constantly of childish things and great pains.

Stiles: I'll be up to see him presently. Dr. Ainslie ordered something for him.

Gadget: Do you wish me to give it to him?

Stiles: No—I'll administer it myself, Gadget,—it's a hypodermic.

Gadget: Yes, sir.

(*Gadget leaves. Stiles leans back in the chair and places his feet on the desk. He stares at the ceiling thoughtfully and speaks.*)

Stiles: (*emphatically*): A foolish, jibbering idiot! What good will he be? What enjoyment will he have in life? (*Pauses and sighs*) Unethical! (*He sneers*) Yes, it's unethical to be merciful —unethical to speed a man to unattainable happiness. (*He places his feet on the floor and bangs his fist on the desk.*) We can't take from a man a life he doesn't want to live. No! That's murder—but is it murder or mercy? (*He places his head in his hands and thinks deeply.*)

(*Suddenly he rises. He stands erect and*

stares ahead. After a moment he nods his head and walks to the medicine cabinet. He takes from the cabinet a small alcohol lamp, a shallow, white enameled sterilizing basin and a hypodermic syringe. He pours a small quantity of water into the pan and places it over the lamp. While it comes to a boil, he takes from the cabinet a bottle of pills and pours several into the palm of his hand. He dissolves them in the water and draws the contents of the pan into the syringe. He then leaves.)

(*Something happens to denote passing of ten minutes.*)

SCENE II

(*Stiles enters and closes the door quietly. He leans back on it and gives a sigh of relief, then goes to the cabinet and shoves the syringe and the rest of the equipment* (*lamp, pan, etc.*) *into their places. He goes to the desk, sinks into the chair and smiles sympathetically, while staring out of the window. The door opens suddenly and Dr. Ainslie rushes in, tearing off his gloves and hat. Stiles looks up at him questioningly.*)

Ainslie: Glad you're here, Stiles! Go get ready for an operation. The X-ray plates of the Bearden girl and the Maddox boy were mixed. We still have a chance to save him. Your friend—

(*He turns toward Stiles and stops suddenly. Stiles is sitting with his arms hanging at his side—his mouth open and his eyes straight ahead.*)

Ainslie: God! (*He sinks into a chair, assuming the same position as Stiles*).

(CURTAIN)

Sonnet to a Dream

Lovely woman whose loveliness is hid,
Like a flower not yet quit growing,
And who like it will someday bid,
Thy beauty in full blowing,
To shed its ray where love's delight,
Dances in the heart, like an elfin sprite,
Of him whose love and life you own,
And in whose heart these years have
grown,
The fondest hopes a man can dream,
And the world around does not seem
To move, save round those hopes
Built high
And which tower toward the sky,
Where Hope abounds among the stars
And fights for love her fiercest wars.

THE MARK OF A FRIEND

By DuPre Sassard

Two truer friends could not have been found than Morton Larrabee and Harry Dial. They had played together, worked together, gone to school together. They had grown up into manhood together and were now established in their own offices, the one practicing medicine, the other law.

Several years ago Dial had married and had since become father of a handsome son. The constant companionship of the two men was interrupted, and sometimes they passed several days without sight of each other. Thus it was that today they were speeding away in Larrabee's car to the haunts of their childhood. Subjects arose and were dismissed; silence was interspersed with smiles as the pals relaxed in the company of each other.

They stopped about seven miles out of town at a small branch where their childish troubles had been brought and settled. It was an ideal spot and an ideal day. Soon they were barefooted and wading about in the muddy water. From wading they sat on the bank and talked, with only the open woods for company. With the return of their youth came the return of their appetites, and they dove into the lunch that Marie, Harry's wife, had prepared. Hours flitted by unheeded. Dusk gathered and knowing that the trees hastened nightfall in the woods, Morton and Harry lingered. It had been a glorious day and they hated to leave this quiet place with its clean, cool air for the dazzling lights of the city.

When they came to the edge of the woods to the car, a fog had gathered and it was misting rain. Soon they were on the highway, and going at a tremendous speed, for neither of them realized how late they were. There was little talking. Both men were thinking of getting home. Suddenly there loomed at a bend in the road two huge, glaring lights.

"Look out, Mort!" called Harry, but it was too late.

Morton swerved to the extreme right but escape was impossible. There was a terrifying crash. The windows of the two cars were shattered to pieces. Harry was thrown through the windshield as the car overturned. Larrabee was pinned underneath, unable to move. It seemed an eternity before help came. He wondered if Harry were underneath that mass of iron too. He couldn't remember being lifted into the ambulance; he only knew that blood was slowly trickling from somewhere. What had happened? Where was Harry?

Larrabee's injuries were minor ones and he was soon able to leave the hospital. There were many terrible days, however, in which he was not allowed to see Harry. He was told that Harry's skull had been fractured and that only his wife and son were allowed to see him. Then, one day he was called. Harry had asked for him. He opened the door to the sick room with unsteady hands. He hardly knew what to expect, but when he saw the bandaged form of his friend, quite pale, he wanted to cry for he knew it was the end. Harry did not waste time with unnecessary words.

"Mort, don't think I blame you. It wasn't your fault, but listen, I want to ask a great favor of you. I have no people, and . . . Mort, I know the game's up. I've felt it coming nearer every day. Won't you look out for Marie and the kid?"

Larrabee could not speak, but he clasped the hand of his dying friend in both his own until he breathed away his life. It

was a solemn hour for the young doctor. He had been in the presence of death many times before, but never had he felt it so keenly. "Look out for Marie and the kid!" It was seared upon his heart. He had made a vow to the dead! A task awaited him which would demand his very life. Out of the depths of his soul, he prayed, "Oh, God, let me be worthy!"

* * * * * * *

Late one September afternoon Paul Dial stood looking out the window of his small room, and he knew that it was not by accident that he was in Baltimore studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University. His past rose before him and he thought of a grey-haired man with trembling hands and faltering steps. To him, there seemed almost a halo about that venerable head. He traced it back to his early childhood. He knew that the man who had been "father" to him was not his real father. He often thought of his father and hoped that he was as great a man as the one to whose care he had been entrusted as a boy. Paul turned away from his gazing, went to the table and hastily wrote a note to his foster father. He wanted to go home for the week-end.

After classes on Saturday, Paul went home. Dr. Larrabee, thinking something troubled him, was waiting at the station when the train pulled in and Paul came striding down the platform. The older man tucked his arms into the boy's and as they reached the edge of the crowd, questioned:

"Well, son, what's going wrong?"

"Nothing, papa. I just wanted to be with you!" The old gentleman looked up rather quickly and added:

"I'm sure nothing could give me more pleasure than a visit from you, my boy."

The two walked on in silence until they reached the house. Lola, Dr. Larrabee's housekeeper, and the old darkey who had nursed Paul, shuffled in to greet her young prince.

"Jus' you leav' yo' things here till atter you eat, Mister Paul. This supper's been 'specially made fo' you and it. won't be good if'n hit gits cold. I'll take dat suitcase up fo' you later on. Glad you came home, too. Me and Dr. Morton been pow'ful lonesome since you went to school. You'll have to tell mammy how you like it up in Baltimore."

The negress continued to chatter as she went back and forth from the kitchen so that the two men said almost nothing to each other. She so thoroughly looked after Paul's every wish that when the time came to return to school, he carried away with him a box of good things to eat that mammy had made for him.

Time flew by. Paul became intensely interested in his work. In fact, it became a living part of him. His letters to the doctor were filled with enthusiasm which made his foster-father feel he had not misguided this youth of his.

Dr. Larrabee had allowed him to play in his office when a mere boy and after Marie's death had left him there with him practically all the time. He always answered the boy's questions concerning medicine although he did not encourage him in that respect. He wanted him to choose his own life-work and therefore nothing was said of Paul's vocation.

One day the two were walking home together when Paul suddenly looked up into the older man's eyes and said:

"Papa, I think I'd like to be a man like you."

"My son, I'm afraid I'm not a man to be imitated, and I want you to be noble when you become a man."

The boy didn't understand.

"But, Papa, I mean, I'd like to make people like to live as you do."

The doctor grasped the hand of the child for the street was crowded. However,

when they were out of the noisy throng of people he did not let go his hold and walked onward, saying nothing. Finally he answered:

"My son, I see what you mean. It's a hard life but if you are willing to lose yourself it's worth it all. In many instances, I have failed—but if I have helped you to see life as a thing to be shared, loved, cherished, and lived to the fullest, then I shall not have failed. If you want to become a doctor, you shall."

* * * * * * *

Years had come and gone. Paul was graduating in medicine. The doctor was to spend commencement with him and had come a few days earlier. His hair was white now, his eyes had become dim with the passing of years. Paul was just beginning to realize what a truly great man he had for a father. The old gentleman had sacrificed the best years of his life to help a little boy to grow into a noble person.

They spent many happy evenings together, talking of Paul's future, the doctor giving personal experiences occasionally. They were days that meant everything to Paul. Graduation day was at hand. He received his diploma and stood at the threshold of a new door. With the past behind and the future ahead, he stood clasping the hand of his father. He had accepted the challenge "to make people love to live," and out of the depths of his soul he prayed, "Oh God, let me be worthy!"

A QUESTION

By L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.

This morning early I did rise.
I brushed the sunlight from my eyes
And gazed upon a virgin spring,
And heard a husband robin sing.

I walked in happiness all day;
I worked my work; I played my play;
I found a new-born violet
With morning dew upon it yet.

And now 'tis eve. I turn my eye,
How wonderingly, towards yonder sky
Where opaled garments fill the west—
Cloud-gowned the sun descends to rest.

Oh God, what then can heaven be?
Can it more pleasure hold for me—
More beauty than the earth—the sky?
Oh, then I'd faint away and die.

THE SUBLIMEST WORD

By W. C. Herbert, Jr.

Herr Oberleutnant Fritz von Wolheim sitting at the rude desk, immobile, was lost in the depths of reverie. The guttering candle which was stuck in the neck of a flacon now hid, now revealed, the empty threats of the seemingly sinister shadows. In one corner of the rough room was dimly perceived a low bunk. In the rear was a crudely built door, communicating with another room from which the course jests and profane verbosity of soldiery off duty came fitfully. Overhead, now and then came the distant reverberation and shock of a high explosive shell and, more frequently, the snarl of a French "whizbang."

But the noises went unheeded by the motionless man. Before him lay a letter, and its arrival had given rise to memories too poignant for expression.

Five years before, Fritz von Wolheim had bidden his whole family goodbye. Mother, his brother two years younger than himself, and his small sister had left the Vaterland, and had sailed for America. His father, stern old German that he was, had died a year before they left. His mother, who had kept hidden in her heart for years this love of a foreign soil, had decided to go to the land of her dreams and Erntst, the visionary, the student, had gone with her.

Fritz, a promising young officer, had remained in the service of the country which his father had loved so well. Then the war. The almost complete cessation of news, that is personal news, from America. And, shut off here in these sloppy fields of Flanders, eternally waiting for something to happen, he had only learned last month that America had entered the conflict. And now this letter, three months on the way, had arrived. The news it brought shocked and stunned him.

The letter was from his mother, and she imparted the news that his brother, Ernest, had joined the American forces. His brother, on the opposite side? Ernest, with whom he had played, fought, quarreled and made up as only brothers can. This brother, whose brain and heart were so closely attuned to his that the medium of speech was not needed in their companionship. And, for aught he knew, Ernest might be quartered in the sector opposite him.

Sitting thus, pensive, he watched the candle die down, sputter, and go out, but saw it not. The sounds in the outside room faded as the men left for various tasks or to visit the barroom of the remains of the little town two miles in the rear of the lines.

The man remained in the smothering darkness. Then came a deferential knock on the door, and the door opened to reveal an orderly standing there.

Herr Oberleutenant von Wolheim stirred slightly. The orderly's heels clicked and he saluted smartly.

"Major Erdlicht has arrived, sir."

Von Wolheim looked at the orderly stupidly for several seconds, and then he suddenly realized what the man was talking about. Only yesterday, he had received notice that this officer was coming on an inspection tour of the forward lines. Probably some stiff-necked martinet who had only come to criticize. However, it must be done. Lieutenant von Wolheim got up slowly, seized his cap, and went into the main room of the dugout. The room was deserted. Questioningly, he turned toward the orderly.

"The Herr Major awaits outside, sir," said the man.

Fritz von Wolheims turned and went up the flight of steps leading to the upper ground.

The sun was shining dazzlingly, and it was only after several seconds that Oberleutnant von Wolheim perceived a man standing a few paces away. The man had his back turned, and was watching a dog fight which was taking place up in the clouds between several German and French pursuiters. His back was turned, and yet there seemed to be something vaguely familiar in the carriage and outline of the officer. The fighters gradually drifted away to other portions of the fleecy sky, and the man, hearing a step near by, turned abruptly.

"The Herr Major wished—," began Fritz, and stopped. He could only gaze at the officer in sheer astonishment, for it was his brother, Ernest, who stood before him. And the officer was just as amazed as he. Fritz was delighted to see him. And so soon after getting news that he had joined the American army. His brother had changed his mind. And in the uniform of a major! But how had he gotten so rapid a promotion? Fritz well knew that promotion in the German army was very slow indeed.

All the while he looked at Ernest. The glad smile of welcome had frozen on the face of the officer, and a worried light showed in his eyes. Then Fritz realized the meaning of the officer's uniform. He knew now why Ernest was dressed as a major. His brother had become a spy.

"Ernest," it burst from his lips in a horror-stricken moan. Then he stopped, remembering the orderly. He turned.

"You may go," he said, dismissing the man summarily.

And he turned once more and came close to the motionless man who still looked at him with eyes burning with compassion.

No word was said. They both turned and proceeded toward a little battle-scarred wood near by.

Several soldiers wondered, in passing, to see an officer of such rank walking arm in arm with a lieutenant. They entered the little grove. Now and then, they trampled underfoot a violet which was peeping up from out of the moss. The soft, balmy air of spring encompassed them, but it passed unnoticed. They walked heedlessly under the branches which were just beginning to bud. Suddenly the retching stench of decaying flesh surrounded them. They passed, without noticing, near a mule, whose entrails had been scattered by a bursting shell and which the burying party had neglected to consign to the earth. They walked on and on. How far neither knew. Scarcely a word was spoken. Each knew the terrible mental anguish that was tormenting the brain of the other.

At last as the sun was sinking bloodily in the west and etching the knarled trees of No Man's Land sharply against the horizon, they came back to the dugout.

The time was come. Ernest, with a grave smile, put his hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Fritz, do your duty."

Fritz lifted appealing eyes to his brother's deep grey ones and read there — his duty."

He snapped to attention and became Herr Oberleutenant Fritz von Wolheim of His Majesty's Imperial Army.

Turning, he called into the dugout.

"Orderly."

The man appeared.

"The corporal of the guard, and two soldiers."

The man saluted, wheeled and departed.

Incredulously soon, the detail appeared.

"Place this man under immediate arrest as a spy. Conduct him to headquarters. Have him searched for papers. You, sir," he said, turning to the major, "will

please give this man your pistol."

The officer quietly drew out his Luger and handed it, butt foremost, to the corporal. Then he reached in his pocket and presented him with a handful of official-looking documents. Then, with the three soldiers at his back he turned and walked away toward the rear of the lines.

Fritz watched them depart, until they faded in the fast gathering darkness, then turned and without replying to the questions of the orderly and several men who had gathered round, he went into the dugout, through the big room, into the little hole, closed the door and again sat in darkness, meditating.

Later that night, Oberluntenant Fritz von olheim, standing before a court composed of his fellow officers, gave all the evidence that he possessed against the prisoner in the dock. This evidence, together with the incriminating papers and coupled with the fact that the prisoner made no defense, resulted in the decision of "guilty." Lieutenant von Wolheim had not remained to hear the verdict.

He had left as soon as his evidence had been given. He could have borne anything but the soft gaze of the prisoner resting on him, encouraging and strengthening him. All night he sat in his dark little hole, waiting.

As the rosy hues of dawn broke over the horizon there was heard for several miles around in the hush of early morning the rattle of musketry.

The orderly, coming in a few minutes later to bring his coffee, found Oberleutenant Fritz von Wolheim, in full uniform, seated before his desk, pistol in hand, and with a hole in his forehead.

The Void

By W. C. Herbert, Jr.

Life itself continues, and yet
The maddening maelstrom of memory
makes worthless
This mere existence, lethargic, in its
bareness
Striving to conquor and forget
The aching throb of loneliness.

The silvered moon intoxicates
Mankind. It's gentle radiance, dimmed
by clouds
Wisplike in their frailty, the benumbed
heart enshrouds;
With loveliness accentuates
The throbbing of sheer emptiness.

The questions come, again, again.
Swelling, a lonely, plaintively discordant
chant.
No reply. Baffled by ramparts of
adamant
Erected by a wearied brain.
The loneliness of emptiness.

'Tis only left, benumbed, to wait
And for Thee, thrice blessed Lethe, humbly
to pray.
That thy long sought for waters of oblivion may,
With soothing cool, obliterate
This throbbing, throbbing emptiness.

HALLUCINATIONS

By W. C. Herbert, Jr.

The aching body wearily lies down, and the over-active brain, avidly seeking the much-needed slumber, destroys all hope of quiet rest by flitting here and there, touching with scintillating thought a thousand unrelated subjects. Time has no meaning. The brain, engrossed with its ephemeral phantasies, only allows the distant booming of a town clock to penetrate dully. The body aches for rest and the will demands repose, but the brain, running without restraint, allows neither.

Finally there comes a half-coma. The brain, still keenly perceiving, is at rest a moment. And the soul, the inner self, the governor of the human machine, leaves the body, and sits, a formless shape, upon the foot of the bed, laughing, mocking, taunting the helpless body which strives to assert its accustomed command over its muscles—and fails.

And the brain. The brain lies dormant, watching, but not aiding the body in its fight for control. The body continues its violent but silent effort, the spectre at the foot sits tranquilly, dominating, and the brain remains watching. Now the body surrenders, and is still as a corpse, not the slightest palpitation shows that life is present. The soul is triumphant, gloating.

Without warning the powerful brain goes berserk again. Under its throb the carcass quivers, the taunting shape has disappeared. A muffled whirling, the swelling resonance of power, to swell, to fade, to vanish and swell again to maddening proportions, all the while the body is tense and quivering, and the brain, whirling, snarling, racks and flails it.

The head grows, grows, and the dominating brain remains behind. The head becomes a huge, a vast empty vault containing the body and the brain. The walls of the tomb pulsate and quiver, recede and push forward, its bloody sides gleaming slimily in the eerie light which emanates from nowhere. The brain driving, driving, driving, reduces the body to a cringing pulp, while the recesses of the coypt resound with unearthly, unhuman throbs.

The vault grows, expands — its size is terrifying, and still it pulsates. A ladder appears, stretching from heights hidden by dark shadows and gloomy recesses. It gropingly comes to rest at the foot of the cowering body. And down the rungs come miriads of tiny shapes bearing—the Head. Tantalizingly they stop, just short of reach. They toss the spheroid into the air, and their mocking laughter reechoes in the distance as, catching it, they bear it away.

The mad brain, furious, shrieks impetuously, "My head! My head! Give it to me. It is mine." The echo of a taunting laugh is the only answer. The weird glow fades, the pulsating walls close in, crushing, inexorable. The brain rushing here and there, strives to gain control again. A last mad effort. It bursts into flame, blue and white, dazzling, hot and silent. The relentless cranium closes in, smothering, stifling, choking. The will again has control and the body, exhausted and worn out as if with ague, sleeps.

O RARE BEN JONSON

By BETTY DUPRE

Mention Ben Jonson and the average person will have a picture in his mind of a pining, effete poet lisping out the lines of "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes." Ben Jonson would rise up from his grave, roaring drunk, to contradict him.

From childhood, Ben was ugly. In stature, he was short and chunky. His head was enormous, covered with a mop of flaming red hair, and attached to his body seemingly without a neck. So he grew older, he grew uglier, more awkward, more ungainly, and much, much fatter. He was the sort of person who trips over furniture five feet out of his path of transit.

Ben's grandfather was "a rocky Scotch Presbyterian nobleman." That says a lot. Inspired by a desire for leaving, he took his worldly goods to Nottingham, England and built himself a very creditable house there. He died of brain fever after having just accomplished the alphabet. Here Ben's father was born. He read incessantly, the classics often, but most particularly the Bible. From the first, religious fervor fired him. At the ascension of Bloody Mary, he was imprisoned for refusing to accept Catholicism. Upon Elizabeth's assumption of the throne, he was released with countless other prisoners. A living was soon obtained as a clergyman in Westminster. Here he married the daughter of a tailor, a woman of strong personality but scantily educated. To her was born Benjamin, a month after her husband's death. She married a bricklayer some time later, and Ben was sent to a private school.

The youth became versed in the classics, so much so that the noted scholar Camden took him under his wing and proceeded to give him a thorough classical education; so much so, that Ben with his pedantry could have lived in Ancient Rome and never blinked an eye at the swish of a toga. He was boastful of his knowledge, a hermit, and "hopelessly queer." Camden at last pushed him out, to incidentally lay bricks for his stepfather, but primarily to rub elbows with the world. Young Jonson became wiser and wittier every day.

Immediately following this period, he joined the English army in Flanders. In this scene, he meets a Spanish nobleman in single combat, kills him, and lustily brings home the spoils of war.

Upon his return to London he married Jane Ashton, daughter to the host of the Moon Tavern. To support his witching bride, Ben became a strolling actor and because of his vast uncouthness always played a murderer or the devil. He was removed six months later to London to rewrite and mend old plays when it was discovered that he had talent in that line. A daughter was born only to die with much mourning of her mother. Jonson drowned his sorrow in cheerful evenings with theatrical friends where the wine flowed freely.

Ben's first play to be produced was *Everyman In His Humour*. He wrote part of it in jail which abode was no strange land to our hero. Shakespeare himself acted in the play, a comedy of modern London, full of its chitchat and small talk. It was a success. Ben strolled out to take a curtain call and knocked over a chair. The show was ordered to be given at court.

Following this, Ben Jonson spent hours writing plays filled with sharp thrusts at court life and his jealous rivals. He became so unbearable that Jane and her small son left him. From now on until his death, Ben is in favor and out of favor at

court. His greatest patron was England's James the First, a pedantic classicist whose ideas of good entertainment (wine, wine, wine, and song) coincided with Ben's. Therefore, it was Ben who wrote court masques, superintended and planned court revelries. He became quite a fine man, dressed himself in red and yellow velvet, of all colors, but persisted in always giving the appearance of being a trifle blowzy. This was cultivated for Ben Jonson believed too great neatness implied feminimity. He was a man's man!

At one time, Ben assayed the task of tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son. They traveled in France but the tutor was found so often at taverns rollicking with wine and the barmaids that the trip was not very successful.

Ben stood so well in the graces of James that after a drinking bout together, James dismissed the court poet and pensioned Ben in his place. Thus Ben arrived at what amounted to the laureateship of England.

Ben Jonson was ever acutely aware of a contemporary of his, one Will Shakespeare. As long as Shakespeare lived, Ben repeatedly sang his own superiority to the Bard of Avon but upon Shakespeare's death he wrote some of the most extravagant praise of Shakespeare in English literature. Jonson was ever one to feel his own worth.

At the death of James, Ben's ill fortune began. Charles and his queen were strongly averse to Ben's crude coarseness. His pension was stopped. He was reduced to poverty, he was alone in the world, Jane and his son having died in the plague. His home burned and he had a stroke of paralysis. He lay ill in bed for months. He tried to write and did return himself to favor with Charles for a short time. Then the Earl of Newcastle became his patron and cared for him until his death. Ben was the idol of students from Oxford and Cambridge. During his last illness they were constantly his visitors. Good old Ben continued to souse himself in Canary wine. Charles as a land favor granted him eighteen inches of ground in Westminster Abbey to be buried in.

For his funeral "Oxford and Cambridge" came to London, poets and famous students of the court followed his casket. He was buried beside his friends and contemporaries Drayton and Beaumont, and near Chaucer and Spencer. In the stone of his tomb appear these Latin words, "Orare Ben Jonson." But custom has caused it be read, "O Rare Ben Jonson"!

EXCHANGE

THE PERISCOPE

The November-December issue of The Periscope has a variety of subjects ranging from *Scene in the Park* and *Wind* to *Some Thoughts About Truth* and *When the Organ Played.* One descriptive narrative is entitled *World Fair,* in which an observer tells in writing her experiences while at the Century of Progress. This is one topic that has been of much interest and one that has been much discussed during the past year; so much is this the case that, as one writer puts it, "We know all about the World Fair although we have not been there."

The magazine has an abundant supply of poems, all of which contain subject matter worth thinking about. This issue is an improvement over the first.

THE WINTHROP JOURNAL

The Christmas issue of *The Journal* is a well-rounded magazine. All types in the literary field being well represented.

The play *Charley Mania,* in which some of the great men of all ages, including Santa Claus, participate, has a unique title and is well worked out.

The informal essay *Human Beings* takes in consideration such great Americans as James Fennimore Cooper, Cotton Mather, James Russell Lowell, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry Longfellow, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. This is a bit of informing and interesting matter brought to the attention of the reader. More of such topics should be included in magazines. Maybe *The Journal* is paving the way for other state publications to follow.

By special permission the prize winning articles in the Carolina Press Association are being reprinted; and by virtue of their ratings, they are above criticism; but they do add interest to the magazine.

THE COLLEGIAN

Short stories seem to be prevalent in the January issue of the Presbyterian College's (P. C.'s) literary publication. Not that these are not good, but it does seem that a more widespread field should be covered. Poetry is lacking, only one or two poems in the entire magazine; and no attempt is made at all at drama. Aside from the drama and poetry aspects, the magazine is well arranged and organized. *The Debt* shows much effort and thought on the part of Mr. Wilson.

THE CRITERION

As an exception to the majority of college publications, the *Criterion* has an abundance of poetry; and the poems are commendably written too. The topics for these poems are varied and well chosen.

Olive Montgomery is to be praised for her contribution, *Satin Slipper Romance.*

THE EROTHESIAN

We might reciprocate what *The Erothesian* had to say about the *Journal* and reassert, "The Contributors of the *Erothesian* are so few that they do not fairly represent the student body." We can sympathize with them, for we, as they, have to rely on a certain group who, through their interest and college spirit, make the magazine a success. Those who have contributed to the *Erothesian* have made a "go" of it, writing both prose and poetry.

THE COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON MAGAZINE

This magazine runs true to form, its subject matter being comprised of sketches, poems, articles, book reviews, and exchanges.

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FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL - - - - 1934

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H. Hucks

A SOFT ANSWER
(*One-Act Play*)
L. Hunter

PIPE MOOD
L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.

MIDDLE EUROPE AND WORLD PEACE
Kempson De Loach

POETRY
L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.
L. Hunter

BOOK REVIEWS
Marion Bennett

VOLUME 44 NUMBER 4

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EDITORIAL

METHODIST UNIFICATION

A news article from the General Conference of the Methodist Church, South, in session at Jackson, Mississippi, says that the brethren applauded the report from the committee to let the church schism stand as it was in 1844.

It seems that the two great branches of Methodism remain apart over a lost cause already removed. The states reunited in one great commonwealth. It seems that two great religious bodies ought, at this late date, come together and present a united front for the cause of the God whom they both worship. This fight has gone on for years. The church's fathers have persistently resisted every effort for unification. The reasons given have been varied, yet one cannot help but believe that the old prejudices, growing out of the war between the states and the split in the church over slavery, are still lurking in the hearts of our leaders. To be sure there would have to be concessions on the part of both bodies, yet the gain for both, in the end would be great for the cause of education and evangelization both at home and abroad.

Kipling once said, "There is no east nor west nor north nor south when two strong men come face to face." There is no north nor east nor west for Methodists filled with the spirit of our spiritual forebearer when he cried, "The world is my parish." The world ought to be our parish and not the South or any other special section. Let us hope that the time will soon hasten when all Methodism can join in one great body for one great cause.

THINGS WE WILL REMEMBER

If any of us were called on for a recitation of those subjects we have covered in four years in college it would be astounding for those who listened. Yet there are many things we'll remember which will be invaluable in our lives.

We'll remember the professors who taught us and react to that memory according to the way he impressed us in his own life.

We'll remember the sources of information we were told about and by hard work "dig out" a little for ourselves.

We'll remember the activities of the campus and the pleasant associations in them.

We'll remember Bill, Tom, Joe, etc., and be glad every time we see them in the years that follow.

We'll remember North Church Street and the familiar scenes of Spartanburg and the surrounding country over which we have traveled so much.

We'll remember the football games and the day when such and such a thing happened, or when such and such a player made some spectacular play.

There are just dozens and dozens of things we'll remember except what little we picked up during class periods. Those things will be forgotten very soon. Yet we have learned where they are and if we do not forget where the professor told us they were we might some day learn some of them well enough not to forget them.

Governmental Aid In Education

By Herbert Hucks, Jr.

From the time of the Protestant Reformation there have been various attempts at educating the masses. It is a known fact that mob rule and violence resulted when the populace of a country had no powers of discrimination in questions and problems which were directed toward the condition of people, government or the individual. Had money enough been spent on education of the whole citizenry, in the resulting periods of history, there would have been, no doubt, a better understanding among the different types of peoples in the countries where uproar, rebellion, and war brought untold hardships and misery to all.

The United States Government has avoided direct aid, that is, the actual donation of money to states, in education for a long time, although various clauses in the Constitution have been interpreted to mean that the states should receive such aid from the national government. It is known that Washington favored National Education as seen by his address to Congress on December 7, 1796. "A primary object of a National University at Washington should be the education of our youth in the Science of Government." Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were inclined to favor Federal participation in education. And yet there are those supposed leaders in our public life of today who are standing off and are letting age-old custom of non-governmental aid still rule when there are millions of children who are not receiving the correct and necessary education. Those who do not favor government aid to the states will point out that Washington plainly said that the youth should be educated in "Science of Government." What do the average courses in grammar school do but promote feelings of patriotism and love for the government? Plato said: "Education which makes a man eagerly pursue the ideal perfection of citizenship is the only education, which, in our view, deserves the name." Can the simple ideals that are taught to the small child be upheld if the chasms of depressions force state after state to release teachers from the school service? Can the next generation be expected to survive a war, which will be inevitable, if the school child of today has the door of even the "Little Red School House," the typical one, two or three-teacher country school, closed on him for even a year or two? That year or two would end the education of many a child. Some will say that compulsory education will take care of this. How can states force children to attend school when there is no money to get them there or to pay teachers to instruct them? What about the child who desires to learn a trade, and who is being instructed in that field? Shall the opportunity to learn the trade be suddenly taken away from him? It does not seem the logical thing to do when $11,000,000,000 are to be expended in a very short time by our national government, when a small portion of that amount could set the wheels of our educational system in motion again.

According to G. F. Zook, the United States Commissioner of Education "on December 1, 1933, 770 schools in 46 states were closed with no provisions for the education of the children enrolled; nearly 11,000 schools will have terms between three and six months; city schools are employing 18,000 fewer teachers than in 1930; in the face of reductions in person-

nel and appropriations enrollment increased 613,000 between 1930 and 1932; since 1930 in 700 typical cities, 103 reduced art instruction, 139 reduced music instruction, 109 reduced physical education instruction, 111 reduced health instruction, and 84 reduced home economics instruction; textbook purchases dropped one-third from 1930 to 1932; colleges and universities have reduced their teaching forces by about 5,680 teachers in the last two years." Could anyone hold a government up to reproach when it came to the relief of such an educational system? It hardly seems possible. What will eventually happen, unless the present administration, with such a capable leader at its head, does something to help education, and does that very soon, no one knows.

The United States Commissioner of Education points out: "Because there has been no fundamental change in American thinking in regard to responsibility for schools resting with localities, there has been no direct assistance as such, to school districts in distress." How long will our lawyers and legislators let it be said of them that they have ceased to think?

Dr. Paul R. Mort, of Teachers College, Columbia University, recently remarked: "We can count the number of schools that have been closed, but it is difficult to appraise in numbers the social losses which are occurring at all levels of expenditure in schools which have been forced to retrench in response to vociferous and powerful minorities in the communities. The greatest difficulty to face is the realization that in the demands for retrenchment at any cost are basic justifications arising from the weakening timbers of an antiquated structure of financing public education. There would seem to be every justification for federal assistance to the states in making funds available to be loaned against delinquent taxes and frozen bank deposits." He believes that if the states are too proud—and of such there are only a few left—to ask for outright grants, that, at least in form, money can be borrowed from the United States government with the intention to pay it back. He continues: "Depression or no depression, federal support for an adequate foundation program for education throughout the nation is inevitable if our democratic experiment is to continue. The sooner we face this fact, the better. We need to turn our attention from the bickerings over such matters as control to the ways and means of setting up a system of national support which will avoid control, if that is our desire. We need to put every effort into the development of a public school system which will not only safeguard the things which should be safeguarded, but will also have the financial sinews by which to fight the great battle for civilization all along the line."

The states seem to be unable to make one forward step toward helping teachers and schools. "Federal aid in maintaining schools in the present emergency is essential because of the serious difficulties involved in meeting the emergency by state action. This serious difficulty arises from sheer lack of ability in some instances and by lack of emergency machinery in others," says Dr. Mort.

Will the leaders of the states stand back and let such epithets be thrown at them and do nothing when they could at least seek federal aid? "Two million children of school age are entirely without school facilities. Probably 10,000,000 have highly inadequate school facilities. It is apparent that unless Federal aid is given very soon, educational opportunities of additional millions of children will be drastically and harmfully curtailed," continues Dr. Mort. To supplement his view, James H. Richmond, Chairman, National Com-

mittee for Federal Aid in Education, has recently made these words famous: "The nation must look to . . . the elementary and secondary schools for the development of sound citizenship which must not be swept from the firm rock of American ideals into the shallows of untried social and governmental schemes." And yet, how can that citizenship be retained when W. W. Beatty, president, Progressive Education Association, points out "in cities, villages and country districts in many parts of the country those phases of education calculated to prepare children for life in the modern world have been curtailed or wiped out! These facts are brought out sharply in recent records of the Office of Education and the National Education Association. About 200,000 teachers are out of work; one in five of those employed is receiving a yearly wage below the minimum fixed by the N. R. A. for unskilled labor ($750), and thousands of others are receiving no money or are being paid in rapidly depreciating script." It seems a case of "millions for labor but not one cent for education."

There are those, however, who have awakened to the need of immediate action. Senator W. F. George, of Georgia, introduced a bill in January, 1934, that would give $50,000,000 this year and $100,000,000 next year to the immediate aid of the schools. Possibly the South will arise again to the front, this time as the leader in the re-development of the schools and education. Yet, our own state of South Carolina stands 46th in the income per child of the age 6 to 17; 47th in wealth per child 6 to 17; and 46th in expenditures per child in average daily attendance—which was $43.60 in 1930. And a few still claim that the Federal Constitution holds governmental help out of order when the states are concerned!!

Referring again to Dr. Mort: "It is clear from the reports from every state in the Union that scores of school systems will be added to those already closed unless the Federal Government gives emergency aid, and gives it soon. The question goes deeper, however. Federal aid must be, sooner or later, placed on a permanent basis. Whether America will continue to exist as a free democracy depends to a great degree upon whether we can develop a program of education in keeping with our reconstructed economics program. If we continue to attempt to finance education as it was financed in the days when local communities could be self-sustaining, we shall fail. Those days are gone. We face entirely new conditions. Those conditions demand that the problem of financing the education of our children be handled as a national problem."

The problem is here — here in South Carolina, in each of its congressional districts and in Spartanburg. The words of the National Educational Education Association would form a fitting close to the challenge flung out to every citizen who believes that his government is one of the people, by the people, and for the people: "The time for action is at hand. The Federal Government is the only agency sufficiently powerful to meet the present emergency promptly. Failure to act will eventually cost many times the price of action. Human resources are at stake. *Whoever is to blame for the economic and educational crisis, the child is guiltless. Yet children are paying the penalty. And the penalty is only a few years delayed.*"

REVENGE

By W. C. Herbert, Jr.

The young man sat down. A strange hush fell over the meeting. Before this assembly of distinguished Egyptologists he had advanced a rather fantastic theory, and these men were thinking upon the remarks he had made. Finally a tall old man arose. Everyone recognized him at once as Dr. Paul Metrier, a really great Egyptologist but the possesser of a virulent tongue. He had made a great many enemies by his caustic speeches, and he added another to the number that afternoon. Indeed he even exceeded himself in his vituperations. He berated the young man thoroughly and when the meeting broke up he forgot the incident. But the young man, Jean de Pervais, did not forget.

Jean de Pervais was from Gascony, and like all Gascons, he had little money, much pride, and was extremely sensitive. With a world of self-confidence he immediately set out for Egypt to prove his theory. But one thing he had not counted on. Money, or rather the lack of it. Without any financial backing he had set out, and when he arrived he found that he would have to do all the work himself. At first he was not daunted. He bought tools, and had them shipped to the Valley of Tombs. Then he went out there himself, and for three years men saw him no more.

During these years he dwelt amid the ghosts of the old tombs, and when he came out he was another man. The happy carefree youth who had entered had disappeared. Only those who have seen the historic Valley of Kings can appreciate the brooding atmosphere which seems to prevail there. And for three years he had lived there alone. In the day he worked in the tomb with the hot, stifling heat of the desert valley choking him, and in the night he lay with the phantoms of a dead civilization about him. And always the thought was in his mind, revenge, retaliation, vindication. And always about him the dead, the dead, the dead, the dead. At night they taunted him, mocked him, encouraged him. Hundreds of plots came to him as he gazed each night into the weird moonlit scene before him. And when his work was done, his theory proven, his plans had been formulated also.

One day he appeared in Cairo, and made an unusual purchase, the goods to be delivered to the Valley of Kings. Jean de Pervais went back to his work. Then for two more weeks he labored, but he enjoyed it. At last he was through.

He went back to Cairo, and waited there patiently for a chance to see his foe. One day he saw Dr. Metrier on the street, and falling into step asked to speak with him about an important matter. The old gentleman consented rather testily. They entered the hotel where the scientist was staying, and in the suite of the old doctor, Jean de Pervais revealed his discovery. He began by reminding Dr. Metrier how he had scoffed at the idea of M. Pervais. How he had laughed when M. Pervais had said that the newly opened tomb of Rameses VI, which had proved such a disappointment to Egyptologists everywhere, was only a blind and that the real tomb would be found below. Dr. Paul recalled it and what of it? M. Jean wished to state that he had found the tomb as he had said it would be. And then Dr. Metrier wished to start for the tombs immediately. With a show of apparent reluctance M. Jean consented to lead him. So it was that as the moon shone on the valley that night amid the mountain fastnesses two figures

descended into the tombs.

Well equipped with flashlights the two men went down, Dr. Metrier in his eagerness leading the way. Down, down they went until M. Paul called softly to the doctor.

"Look, sir," he said, "you will notice that the passage is beginning to level off now. A few steps more and it begins to rise. I excavated at the place it began to rise, and opened up another passage. Here it is."

They began the descent again. After a few meters the corridor leveled off again, and suddenly Dr. Metrier stopped short. In front of him was a sullen wall of granite. M. Paul chuckled.

"It would take months to blast out that, wouldn't it, sir?" he said. "But watch!"

He turned to the rough wall of the passage, and pulling out a block of stone from it, he pushed sharply on something inside the gaping hole. Then he went over to the stone barricade and putting his hand in a slight groove he raised the ponderous mass of stone with one hand. The stone rose quietly in two channels in the rock.

"Counterbalanced, you see, sir," he said. Then he stepped forward and drew back a heavy curtain which hung across the passage at the same time throwing the beam of his flashlight forward.

The light revealed a gorgeous spectacle. At the other end of a vast vault was a huge sarcophagus. It was entirely overlaid with beaten gold and the gleam of jewels was reflected now and then.

The two men advanced into the room. They were awed with the splendor about them. They turned their lights about the tomb.

Overshadowing the sarcophagus was a large protecting figure of Re, the god of the sun, the supreme deity of the Egyptians, to his left Seth, god of evil, and to his right Osiris, deity of good. From the ceiling there was draped a gossamer canopy of gold cloth. On the walls were painted scenes from the life of the king and small statues of lesser gods and goddesses gleamed in niches lined with gold. In one corner stood a beautifully carved, full-rigged ship ready to take the soul of the king across the river of life. Luxury and Death held sway.

Dr. Metrier swung his torch to the right. There was the throne of Rameses—solid ivory inlaid with gold and jewels.

"Go sit in it, Doctor," urged M. Paul. "It is the best preserved of its type I have ever seen."

The doctor mounted and sat in it gingerly. Then suddenly two small clicks were heard, and Dr. Metrier found himself handcuffed securely to the throne.

"Is this a joke, Monsieur?" he asked dazedly.

"Yes, Doctor," said Jean as he bent down and fastened the legs of the man. "It is a joke, but it happens to be my joke. One might even call it a pun. Do you remember the speech you made three years ago? One might have said that it was vitriolic. A good word, eh Doctor?" Jean had said all this with smiling face, but now his countenance changed. A cloud overcast his features. He pointed upward. Look, Doctor. See that small glass tube? It leads into the upper tomb, and hundreds of liters of vitroil are ready to flow into this vault. You are to feel the real acid."

While talking he had gone about the room arranging the flashlights so that two of them shone on the sarcophagus and one full upon the Doctor.

"You and I will be the only two men to see this magnificent sight, Doctor. It will be utterly destroyed. It is a pity, is it not? Well, Doctor, it is time I go now. Adieu."

The Doctor made no answer. The old man stared vacantly before him. Now and then he moved his hands rattling the chains slightly. Jean de Pervais was

amused. He laughed a frightful laugh. It was the only sane thing in this scene of delirium.

Jean de Pervais seized the remaining torch, and taking one of the small statues out of a niche he tossed it accurately at the glass tube in the ceiling. The glass broke and fell to the floor with a tinkle. A hissing stream followed. Jean de Jervais drew back the curtain and departed. One heard the heavy granite block fall with a thud, and all was silent save for the hiss of the liquid.

The fluid struck the floor, and spread in oily streams giving forth the slight hiss. It spread in slimy tendrils reaching out as if searching, searching. One of the fingers touched the feet of Seth, god of evil. A louder hiss, and white smoke began to ascend. The acid rose, rose until it touched the steps of the throne. Still the man gave no sign. It crept up. At last it touched his shoes. It ate through. The old man started and strove to lift his feet. They were bound. The vitriol was higher now. He shrieked with pain. The throne was disintegrating and as it sank lower more and more of his flesh came in contact with the burning fluid. He writhed in agony. His face was contorted into a horrible mask and his hands were clenched around the throne arms. The searing, biting acid reached his thighs. He relaxed. Unconsciousness had claimed him. The throne tilted perilously. It slid, gained momentum, and entered the acid. It disappeared beneath the surface bearing the body with it. The acid crept upon the electric torches, seized them. They flickered, then went out. Absolute darkness and absolute silence save for the drip, drip, drip.

MOTHER

By L. Hunter

Sometimes I fear you've left and I'm alone
As in some half remembered dream of night—
Sometimes my hand seeks yours from out a dream,
A moon-dream borne of stars and mystic light.
There have been times I turned to kiss your cheek;
But only moonbeams mocked me, still and white.
I long for you when shadows grope their way—
Sometimes I pause to heed your voice —in vain.
Why should dreams seem sometimes ghastly true,
And waking nothing more than pain.

PIPE MOOD

By L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.

Not many months ago I took up the "manly habit." I did not start smoking because I liked the taste of tobacco. And if I had started for any such reason, I should not for long have kept it up, for my first few cigarettes proved most distasteful. But no—my impelling motive was a far more important one. You see, for some time I had entertained the idea that I had at last reached man's estate. But when I timidly claimed for myself those privileges that accompany manhood, I was laughed to scorn. And so, both as a proof to myself and as a declaration to the entire world, I turned to cigarettes. Bitter was the struggle—bitter indeed—but I persevered. And I conquered! Now I can smoke a cigarette and grin on the inside as well as on the out. Now there is no question in my mind as to my manhood. For did not my sufferings surpass even those of Job's? Did not I grin and en-dure? I feel sure that I can stand any of the trials of manhood. The world, too, recognizes the fact that I am an adult. Of course, my parents didn't approve of my smoking at first. And the neighbors were very much aggrieved to see so fine a young fellow falling into such a bad habit. But now I can blow smoke where I please— I can even knock ashes on the floor without misgivings.

I would not have it believed that I am a tobacco fiend. Indeed I smoke very moderately. From a short acquaintance with cigarettes I learned several things, among them this—cigarettes cost money — too much money for me. On this account I procured a pipe. Now I smoke cigarettes only when I venture out in society, for pipes, you know, have a great dislike for tuxedos. I must state here that pipe-smoking is the only way to really enjoy tobacco. I would part with my trousers before I would part with my pipe.

I have thought it wise to unfold briefly my smoke-history in order that my reader may judge for himself my qualifications for dealing with my subject. It is true that I have not indulged as long as have some, but I dare say that nowhere can there be found a more ardent pipe-smoker than myself. However, if my reader is not satisfied, he has my glad permission to cease reading instantly.

I have a pet theory about smoking—Smoking is a literature. Just as there are different types of literature, there are types of smoking. For instance, take cigarettes—cigarettes are the novels of smoking. Tall young men in dress suits—beautiful ladies in swirling evening gowns — light—color—music—laughter—isn't that the cigarette? Now cigars are the historical and political documents of smoking. Big business men—gray hair—gray suits —feet propped on cluttered desks—typewriter keys—surely that's the cigar. And the pipe— Oh, the pipe is poetry. The scholar bends over his book in the lamplight with his dead pipe between his teeth. The lazy summer fisherman sits on the brooklet's edge and smokes and dreams, forgetful of his unbaited hook that dangles in the water. At night the work-worn man sits in his easy chair beside the fire. His wife brings him his pipe and holds the match for him. Ah yes, the pipe is the poetry of smoking.

A pipe is a wizard who casts his spell over all his smokers. I sit in a large chair and gently suck my pipe. There is no light but the fire. Strong-scented smoke soothes my throat and nostrils and curls about my

chair. Then a feeling steals over me — a dreamy feeling—a kind of sleep. I sit immobile but my mind, loosed as it were, leaps out in ecstasy. I see strange pictures in the curling smoke — I think strange thoughts. Oh, I'm sure you've felt it if you smoke a pipe. I've often wondered just how much of this civilization of ours was pictured first in a dreaming piper's smoke.

You know, there are questions that sometimes bother me — questions about living. But when I'm in a pipe mood, these questions don't seem difficult at all. It seems as if my old pipe answers them himself, and he almost always uses himself for an illustration. Take this question— Who is really happy? I've often wondered. There's the rich youth—free from toil and care. Often I see him glide by in his high-powered roadster. Usually a pretty girl is beside him, and the wind blows her hair. Their smiles declare them happy. Then, there's the average youth. He hasn't got a luxury to his name, but he doesn't lack anything that he needs. I often hear him laugh when apparently there is nothing to inspire laughter. Is he not happy? Last is the working youth. His is a hard life for he must pay for everything he has. But I often hear him whistle at his work. Now, who is really happy? Quite a problem, isn't it? But to my old pipe, it's simple: One man smokes one brand of tobacco, one smokes another; the rich man smokes costly tobacco, the poor man smokes cheap tobacco—they all enjoy it, one just as much as the other. Tobacco always smells better when someone else is smoking it. Just you smoke yours and know that it is the best. The moral is only too evident.

Sometimes as I sit, I fancy pictures in the smoke. They are strange and beautiful for an instant, then they die. I never see the same one twice. One time I beheld a picture that thrilled my very soul. When it faded as had the others, I became angry. I declared that I would see no more of them. But my pipe said, "You would deny yourself a beauty because it dies?" Life is a series of beautiful dreams that fade away. Shall we cease dreaming because our dreams are not realized? Then we would have nothing.

My pipe can be very obliging. I am very lazy, and so I often think, "What's the use of working so hard? Everybody dies and is forgotten." My pipe agrees. He declares that no matter what the brand of tobacco, costly or cheap, it all goes up as smoke. Now, applying smoking to living, that might mean that everybody is going up to heaven. My pipe doesn't say anything definite about this. I don't believe he knows much about heaven.

Middle Europe And World Peace

By Kempson DeLoach

It was in 1913 that the nations of Europe were mad in their race for more armaments. Larger armies were being formed; navies were being expanded; and through the efforts of skillful propagandists the war-like spirit had permeated every people of Europe. The balance of power idea had been carried to such extremes that the very peace of Europe depended on the armaments of the respective nations being equal. In trying to secure that equality, the major countries banded together in two great hostile camps—the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, which maintained the equilibrium of Europe for several years before it was tipped over by the imperialistic designs of the German Empire. The war that followed drained the money and man power of the world to such an extent that for coming generations its results will still be evident in the poverty and misery of people.

It has now been just fifteen years since that war ended, but its lessons, written in the blood of human beings, are already being forgotten. Recent events bear out the fact that Europe is again following the same paths which led to the World War. The Polish corridor has been the object of territorial friction, just as Alsace and Lorraine were before the war; the Disarmament Conference has failed to stop the sharp competition in armaments; and the old "balance of power" idea has been revived with all of its inherent evils.

The unsettled condition of Middle Europe, where the politics of the world has been centered for years, is the principal cause of the present apprehension. Such a complexity of affairs exists there that it is very difficult to understand the true relation of one nation to another, but all of their secret treaties, trade agreements, and current political happenings vitally concern every nation of the world, whether they are located in Europe or not. Thus when in February the overthrow of the Socialist regime in Austria took place, the whole world, and particularly the nations of middle Europe, became at once very interested in the effect which this internal disturbance might have on international relations. The internal affairs of Germany have likewise been a major factor in determining the foreign policy of other nations. The same is true of other nations, for the world has been so closely bound together by modern methods of travel and communication that every nation must concern itself with the affairs of others, however remote they may be.

Both international and national relations have been approaching a crisis for the past year. The nucleus of the trouble is again in Germany. During the Thirty Years War, the Franco-Prussian War, and the World War, it was the nation on whom the major blame must be laid for precipitating the bloody struggles. Now, that Hitler has gained the ear of the German people, he has placed in their minds distorted ideas of the supreme glory of the *Vaterland*, of Germany's "place in the sun," and the power of the German people to place themselves at the head of the family of nations. His egotistical attitude a few years ago was mocked and scorned by the other nations of the world, but since he has gained complete sway over the German people, that mockery has turned into fear. The excesses of Hitlerism exhibit a gross disregard for peace and the rights of other nations which is

sure to bring out definite action. In his book, *Mein Kampf*, Hitler unhesitatingly states that Germany must regain equal rights among the nations — by peaceful means if possible, if not, then war. A restoration of Germany to her pre-war condition would necessarily result in a policy of expansion which would upset the *status quo* of other nations.

It is in this connection that Austria holds the key to the whole European situation. If the Nazis of Germany are to expand, their first prey would naturally be the little Austrian nation to their south. If they succeed in gaining possession of it —either by incorporation or by a close affinity effected by the victory of the Nazi party in Austria—the other nations of Europe will have to face a more powerful Germany who would probably not hesitate to cause another war to gain her selfish ends.

The developments in Austria during the past year have done much to verify the suspicions of the other European nations that she will finally succumb to German influence. The Nazis have been steadily growing in power under the direction of capable leaders and skillful German propaganda. It was principally at their instigation that Chancellor Dollfuss of the Christian-Socialist party took violent measures to wreck the political structure of the Socialists-Democrats, the inveterate enemies of the Nazis. In the February riots, the big guns of the Heimwehr, a private army controlled principally by the Nazis, materially strengthened the cause of the Nazism and in some ways brought Chancellor Dollfuss under their influence. Thus the union of the two countries under a common Nazi regime has been brought within the range of immediate possibilities. This union, called the *Anschluss*, would be welcome to a large number of Austrians, for thirty to fifty per cent of them are overwhelmingly pro-German. Then, Austria has been in a serious economic situation ever since the war, and the *Anschluss* would considerably aid the Austrian industries. Doomed to economic chaos unless something is done, its industries are in by far a worse condition than much-pitied Germany's ever were. This is well illustrated by the current Viennese phrase: *"In Deutchland ist die Stelle ernst, aber nicht hoffnunglos; in Osterreich ist sie hoffnunglos, aber nicht ernst"*—in Germany the situation is serious, but not hopeless; in Austria it is hopeless, but not serious. An incident of Austria's utter industrial helplessness is seen in the city of Steyr, which before the war was a prosperous munition-manufacturing town. But since the Treaty of St. Germain made Austria buy munitions abroad, and since further manufactures along this line have been hindered by prohibitive taxes, the citizens, composed mostly of industrial workers, have been reduced to a penury so dire that two years ago they ate the town dogs, and today seventy per cent of them are beggars. Clearly such a situation calls for outside help, that the League has tried to furnish, but which responsibility Germany is very anxious to take over.

But what would be the result of the *Anschluss* on the other nations of Europe? This again involves the old "balance of power" idea. If Germany is permitted to further expand by taking in Austria, her disportionate strength would be a serious menace to the peace of whole Europe. By the union of Austria, 7,000,000 more people and 30,000 more square miles would be added to Germany's previous territory, which would bring Germany's population up to 72,000,000 people—a number that surpasses even that of the Hohenzollern empire, and by exceeds the population of France or Italy. With this added territory, the western provinces of Czecho-

slovakia would be encircled, and since more than one-third of the inhabitants of this region are Germans, they would eagerly accept a Teutonic ruler in preference to a Slavic one. By restoring the eastern half of this country to Hungary, Germany would bind the Hungarian state of 13,000,000 to the new Reich. Then it would be a small matter to annex the relatively small states of Bulgaria and Rumania to the vast German territory and complete the formation of a Mitteleuropa. Such a change of the European map is entirely a possibility, and in the opinion of many political writers a probability unless something is done to prevent it.

Will the other nations of Europe permit Hitler to satisfy his unbounded ambition by the formation of such a bloc in Europe? At present there seems to be no sure answer of the question. France is in a dilemma over the problem and afraid to act decisively. So far her relations with Nazi Germany have been friendly—newspapers have even been censored to keep out anti-Nazi propaganda, and no effort has been made to halt Germany's free use of propaganda to win the French people to a policy of non-interference until Germany becomes strong enough to successfully resist her. Great Britain, Russia, and Italy, the only first-rate powers remaining, have adopted no firm attitude toward German expansion, but have merely been protesting against her projected adoption of the *Anschluss*.

In the meantime, Hitler is employing every effort to make Germany a stronger military nation. Since his aggressive program necessitates instilling a militaristic spirit in the German people, he has consequently withdrawn from the disarmament conference with the indefinite statement, "We will disarm, if the rest of the world does." That secret mobilization has been going on for some time has recently been confirmed by reliable sources. War —the ideology of the German people — is being prepared for on a grand scale; military training has become practically universal; all the youth of the nation have been organized as "storm troopers," who now number over 2,000,000; raw materials which are of use mainly in carrying on war have been imported on a stupendous scale for the past six months; and the manufactures of munitions and other war supplies have grown remarkably.

Other nations, following in the footsteps of Germany, have been doubling their efforts in increasing their armaments. This international armament denotes an abandonment, as a safeguard of international security, of whatever faith that might have survived in conference agreements. Such a course is bound to end in war sooner or later. It may end, as Frank Simonds, an international political expert, says, in a war of preventions to be waged by France against the aggressive Germans before they become very powerful; or if that does not take place, a war of "balance of power" will be waged against Germany later by a combination of countries who fear her encroachment on their territories.

The United States is vitally affected by this serious situation of affairs in Europe. A century ago an isolation policy was strictly adhered to which advocated "stay at home and mind your own business", but now the very nature of our existence forbids this. The United States, which has six billions in Europe, cannot afford to wash its hands in pious horror and deceive itself with the false security of the Atlantic Ocean. Our economic structure is dependent on European markets for its goods, and if war started, depredations on the commerce of neutral nations would begin just as in the World War. It is the duty of the United States as a matter of

self-protection to strive to the utmost to preserve the peace of the world. It is a fact that the American people, whether they like it or not, have not only a place, but in many ways the leading place, in world affairs, and especially those of Europe.

The outlook for international peace is indeed dark, and it is useless to conceal the peril with soft words. The real danger is in the underlying conditions of hate and mistrust among the nations of the world. Comparing present trends with those which generated the World War, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler recently pleaded for the abandoning of the outgrown and wicked system of international competition in armaments and commerce. "The world," he said, "must find minds and voices which can view world problems as a whole. Important problems which are purely national have almost ceased to exist." The time has come when bullets and armed mail no longer should be the arbiter of nations, but international good will — the only satisfactory remedy for our present ills—should take their place.

BOOKS AND PLAYS

By Edmond Rosland
By T. Marion Bennett

Version in English Verse by Brian Hooker

This drama is written in five acts. The first four acts take place in 1640; the fifth in 1655.

Cyrano de Bergerac is a soldier who has a very large nose. No one even danes smile at it for fear of the flashing sword of Cyrano.

Christian, a young soldier in Cyrano's company, is very much in love with Roxane, the beautiful cousin of Cyrano. Cyrano also loves her.

Roxane tells Cyrano of her love for Christian. (She does not know of Cyrano's love for her.) Christian makes fun of Cyrano's nose but because Roxane loves Christian, Cyrano does not kill him. Cyrano tells Christian of Roxane's love and agrees to write his letters to her for him. Cyrano puts his own heart and soul into these letters, so when Christian tries to make love without him he is at a total loss.

Christian and Roxane are married just before the order comes for him to report at once because he is to go to war.

The company in which Christian belongs are in great need of food. About an hour before they are to fight Roxane drives up in a carriage loaded with food. Christian is killed in the first volley. Roxane enters a convent where she has as a regular Saturday afternoon visitor — Cyrano. He comes and tells her the news for the past week. An attempt is made against his life but he keeps his appointment. Roxane allows Cyrano to read Christian's last letter and finds out that Cyrano was the composer of her letters and that he loved her. Cyrano becomes delirious and dies. Curtain.

KILLED IN ACTION

By William Lawrence Hardin

Two weary mules slowly pulled the creaking, mud-caked wagon into the sleeping camp of the Third South Carolina Volunteers. The one-armed courier sitting by the negro driver reached into the wagon bed, picked up his dispatch satchel, and jumped from the wagon seat into the knee-deep mud of the company street.

A sleepy-eyed vidette at the out-post of the camp had told him that he would find the commandant in the second tent on the right of the street. He struggled toward this shelter, turning up the collar to his ragged coat. The long ride in that cold, blowing rain had chilled him to the bone. As he neared the tent he noted with surprise that a light was burning within, although it was now past midnight.

Lifting the tent flap he beheld a young man seated at a rudely constructed desk, meditating over a military sketch. He noted a glittering bar on each of the youngster's shoulders and decided that he was probably the officer-of-the-guard. He approached him and said, "Sir, I have orders here for Colonel Blakely from General Lee."

The youthful officer turned and slowly said, "Colonel Blakely was killed yesterday. I am in command of what is left of the regiment, so you may give me those dispatches."

The courier handed him a bundle of papers and then said, "I came in on a wagon of ammunition for which I shall want a receipt. I also brought a sack of mail. If you have anything to send to headquarters, I am returning there in the morning."

"Very well," returned the lieutenant. "You will find an empty cot in the guard tent. You look cold, why not drop by the mess shack and get a cup of coffee. The cooks usually leave the pot simmering on the stove for the guards. Tell the mule-skinner to bring the mail pouch in here. I'll go through it before turning in. Good-night."

The courier withdrew, and a moment later the black driver came in with the mail. The lieutenant hastily looked through it and found a letter for himself and two for his best friend, Bob Hall. The latter were marked with the return address of Bob's young wife. Too bad! Only yesterday Bob had heard that his young wife and his baby son that he had never seen had been drowned while crossing the turbulent Savannah to get out of the path of Sherman's ruthless raiders.

This terrible news had been a dreadful shock to Bob. Only next week he had planned to visit them. Now—he would never gaze upon their dear faces again. He had been married only two months before Fort Sumter was fired upon, and in the two years that had passed since that momentous event he had been home but once, and then only for a week. That had been over a year ago and in the meantime Mary had given birth to a son. Now they were both gone.

Lieutenant Davis had tried in vain to comfort his friend. The blow seemed almost to have unbalanced his mind. He had not lain down since hearing the dreadful news. The lieutenant knew that Bob's thoughts must be diverted to something else so he had placed him on guard duty for that night. Even now he was pacing his post beside the blood-stained waters of the Potomac. The lieutenant decided to give him the letters from his wife when he came off duty at four o'clock as he thought that these last messages from his dead

mate might solace him as nothing else could.

After thus thinking of his friend's sad misfortune Davis tore open the letter from his mother. It had been written on what had evidently been the fly-leaf of a book with ink made from the juice of gooseberry weeds and walnut hulls. It read as follows:

"My dear son,

"I pray that this message will find you well and in good spirit. I know that the present looks dark, but we must remember that there is One above Who will ever take care of us.

"We had a most joyful surprise yesterday, one that I can scarcely believe yet. I wrote you sometime ago that Mary Hall and her baby had been drowned. Well, who should walk in but Mary, herself, with the baby in her arms. They had been swept many miles down the river and had been unable to return or send word of their safety because the whole country was inundated when the levees broke—"

Davis could read no farther. He dropped the letter and ran from the tent. Bob's post was about a mile from camp and Davis wished to get there as soon as possible. He floundered through the mud as fast as possible. Several times he tripped and fell headlong into the mire, but he did not mind. He knew what his joyful news would mean to Bob. Good old Bob! The best friend that a man could desire! And how happy he would be in a few minutes! He would be the same Bob that had amused and cheered the whole regiment every night with his ringing banjo and his melodious voice; his ready jests and humorous pantomines. It was Bob who knew when a man needed a word of comfort and encouragement. It was Bob who was always first to reach the wounded with a drink of water and a cheerful word. What needless agony Bob had gone through these two days! But only a few more minutes and the dreadful load would be lifted from his mind.

Nearing the river Davis ceased running and began to pick his way carefully through the thicket. He knew that an enemy patrol might be near. Creeping towards Bob's post he called softly, "Bob! Bob!"

There was no answer. He advanced further and called again. Still there was no response. But hark! What was that movement in front of him. Peering into the gloom, he saw a gruesome sight. A body was swinging from the limb of a tree. Why—it had on a gray uniform! Davis shuddered and crept forward until he could see the face. A groan burst from his lips, "Oh, My God! It's Bob! Bob!"

He fell to the ground sobbing. He had come too late. Bob had ended his own life.

Several hours later, Lieutenant Davis finished a letter to Mrs. Mary Hall, Augusta, Georgia. In it he told of Robert Hall's death while leading a gallant charge against the enemy.

The Youth Movement In Germany

By J. R. Cross

In 1913 the German Empire pricked up its ears when a group of boys, who had run wild at school, met to form a band in order "to mold their lives on the truest and deepest principles, on their own lines and on their own responsibility." The World War and the bitter years which followed almost broke up this movement.

After the war, the various interests of the German people began to form many divisions of the German Leagues of Youth: gymnastic and sport, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Socialistic, music, and many others. This movement became so popular and useful that a national committee of German Leagues became necessary.

Throughout Germany one finds "Youth Hostels" which offer supervised, inexpensive lodging to foreign as well as German youth. These allow the young people to travel, to know their fellow man and their Fatherland. Many of these lodgings are in old castles, cloisters, and farm houses. They are placed along the most used roads and are situated in the most beautiful and historic sections of Germany, permitting the wanderer to explore the ancient castles of the Teutonic knights. This organization, which had for its first purpose, "Let youth be young," changed its emphasis to "Love of Fatherland" and the "Rise of a new social order."

In 1925, student members of the youth organizations began the "Arbeitadienst" or labor camp, enrolling members from all classes. This has become more and more important, and probably Mr. Roosevelt got his ideas for the C. C. C. from this. The object of these labor camps is twofold. "First, social: to provide work for the thousands of young men who were gradually going to the ground on the streets and bring them together in a useful and happy existence with their fellows of all classes. Secondly, political: to get rid of the masses of party prejudice, to save the country from anarchy and to make of these young people one united group which should know no parties but only their country, to get rid of the thousands and one party labels and to substitute for them the one, "German."

The leaders are young men chosen from the youth. They live and eat with their comrades. A secondary, but important, purpose of the organization is to produce a healthy generation of Germans. This is brought about by simple pure food, healthy living conditions, plenty of work, fresh air, and sunshine. These young men are taught the history of Germany, and trades. They receive only seven and one-half cents per day: their compensation is found in the comradeship and the happy atmosphere of the camps. Here the German youth learns that the important thing is not merely to live, but to live a useful life.

The latest outgrowth of this movement is the Hitler-Jugend. Its aim is not to make things easier for the young people or to give them a good time, but to awaken in them a sense of the responsibility that rests on their shoulders. These young men and women have grown up in hard times, and realize their responsibilities as the *Germany* of tomorrow.

In 1933 the Hitler-Jugend took over the leadership of the entire youth movement, which already had more than a million members. It has been said of them: "The young have been the builders of the new Germany." Chancellor Adolf Hitler has

now instituted a government office with the title of "Jugendfuhrung des Deutschen Reiches" which took over the leadership of all German youth organizations and is dealing with their variety of activities.

FUGITIVE

By Peter Moody

Yes, there it was again, and much closer this time—the excited baying of hounds in pursuit of some quarry. The man crouching in the damp morass of the swamp, shuddered and with clenched fingers, grasped the rifle he held, closer to his spare but youthful body. Cold beads of perspiration stood on his blanched forehead, and his blue eyes, that had once twinkled and laughed, were now greatly dilated, expressing the extreme emotion that surged through the brain behind them. The man was tall and gaunt and he still wore the accusing stripes that branded him as a fugitive who must be hunted down by dogs and men and be brought back to "serve his time."

He had not meant to escape—at first, he was afraid—but this morning when the opportunity had come, he had summoned all his courage and will that chains and stripes had not killed, and had fled. Left alone with a guard in a small clearing a little away from the convict camp, he had snatched the rifle from the guard's hands. Then, with all his pent-up hatred of six months' cruelty and brutality rising up in him, he had swung the gun—he would never forget the dull crunching impact of the rifle butt upon the guard's head. With a single moan, the guard, his skull shattered, had collapsed in a heap to the ground, his crimson blood mingling with the spongy black ooze of the marsh. Then terror-stricken, the fugitive had disappeared into the swamp, still clutching the bloody rifle.

He thought he had eluded his pursuers, but now they were after him again — the hounds sounded much closer and he fancied he heard the hallos of men. A million thoughts arose in his mind. They would catch him—he didn't have a chance of freedom. No one had ever succeeded in escaping. Others had tried before him and each time they had been brought back; their time and work doubled. Would they take *him* back to that living hell? No, a thousand times No. Yet they were sure to catch him—they had never failed to capture others. There was one shell in the rifle—why not cheat them just this once? Perhaps it was better this way after all—he would *not* return. The baying of the hounds grew louder.

* * * *

Several minutes later, John Hane, who had gone out from the hunting camp for a late afternoon walk in the swamp with the hounds, was startled to find, sprawling out in front of him, the body of an escaped convict. It was clearly a case of suicide.

How To Make A Success Of College

By F. Milton Paine

First, one should not allow studies to interfere with pleasure at any time, except on those few days immediately preceding examinations. Of course if one has parents coming to visit, one should at once "buckle down" and give the appearance of being on the verge of a nervous collapse. The unsuspecting parent will be beguiled into taking you to a show or for a trip, just to make you forget that there are such things as books and classes.

Always put off until next week that which you should do this week. Maybe the college will be closed next week. Who knows? It would be so humiliating and so discouraging to have expended the effort and trouble of preparing lessons needlessly.

Assume an attitude of egotism and self-confidence. Do not hesitate to criticize others when you have the chance. Criticize at every opportunity, for criticism is an art that grows with habitual use. It will make you popular with your classmates, and your professors. It will be known about the campus that Mr. Verry Wyse is such a sweet tempered, such an even dispositioned boy, who always seeks to aid others, and whose very presence creates an atmosphere of cordiality and friendliness.

Seek after culture that comes from associating with young ladies every night in the week. If you are not particular about sleeping afternoons, you might even call on the mothers of your friends of the wiser sex that are rapidly lifting you up from the depths of a humdrum existence, only to let you realize when college reports come out, that you must have only reached a false bottom because you find that your former status of lowliness was a mere trickle of loose gravel compared with the avalanche that has now engulfed you.

I am sure that the mothers will be pleased to have you lounge around on a sultry afternoon, with one garterless but hairy limb showing bewitchingly above your sock, encased in a nattily pressed trouser leg that dangles over her valuable antique chair. One mother will become indignant with the hard-hearted faculty that does not seem to be giving you the "breaks." One or all of them will sympathize with you because you are so earnest in your efforts, but still you are misunderstood. Perhaps one mother will timidly venture to suggest that you should study just a little harder, at which point you should drop your cigarette, that has been valiantly struggling to choke your hostess by its miniature smoke-screen, upon her Oriental rug. Needless to say, she will be more concerned over the loss of the cigarette than she will be about her rug. Bound nonchalantly to your feet, even though you have on your room-mate's shoes, overturn a bridge lamp, and scoop up the elusive evil on the rug. Throw it carelessly, but deliberately into her jardiniere of ferns, remarking that your mother has told you, or that you read in *College Humor*, that ashes were just the chic thing for plants.

If you are ever unable to procure a date, or find that your ungracious student friends sorrowfully but firmly refuse to lend you any money for a show, you might attempt to study.

Be sure to hunt for a good quiet room with only four or five boys seated about a radio. If there seems to be a small scuffle in the far corner of the room that involves five or six other boys, do not pay any attention, but sit down and pore through the

pages like a "mad hatter." Such a room is very conducive to tranquil study which, after all, is necessary in order to give your books that "dog-eared," collegiate appearance that will be the envy of your high school friends when you proudly exhibit your books during the summer vacation.

Out Of The Night

By L. Hunter

Out of the night comes my sorrows,
Shrieking and lashing my mind—
Tearing my soul from within me—
Reflecting thoughts best left behind.

Not a tear which cradles a death bed
Nor the curse of a starving man
Can combat all the tumult and chaos
That we hold in the palms of our hand.

We have fondled ourselves in odd moments
With the crushing of lives in our glove
While others are cremating Christians
We alter our lives with our loves.

Out of the night comes a vision—
Swaying reeds o'er an amorous sky—
Standing erectly before me
I see you and days gone by.

I am weary of life and its meaning—
Weary of spoils and conquest.
I'm disgusted with food and religion,
And the universe shut in my breast.

Out of the night comes lost hours—
Thought is a bridge spanning time—
Taking me back in my memory —
Bringing back hours lived sublime.

Your head seems to rest on my shoulder,
Your silken hair drips through my hand.
I attempted to comb out its glitter,
The gleaning of gold from the sand.

I would give up a kingdom and palace
To be loved as you were by me;
To be offered a life as I offered
I'd walk blindly into its sea.

Out of the night comes the future
When you, as I have, will find
Your soul disillusioned and shattered
By the fate of a love—which is blind.

When the darkness has covered the sunset,
When the shadows appear on the gate,
Why do we sit, silently staring—
When we know we have waited too late.

Grieving

By L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.

God, I know that you are all
A fellow needs at any time,
But leave me, God, a little while
To mourn a faded dream of mine.

Oh God, her hair was ebon silk,
So soft—so soft for me to touch;
The mocking hazel of her eyes
Could say so little and so much.

I dreamed that she was meant for me,
I prayed that it would be that way
But God, I guess that even you
Misunderstood—she's gone away.

Come soon—come very soon, oh God,
To soothe this bitter ache away,
But let me cry a little while—
At least until the blush of day.

ACCIDENTS

By J. C. Bagwell

Accidents have always been a source of interest to me; not so much as to how or why they happened, but the role they have played in making some men famous, in taking the lives of others, and in some instances they seem to have altered the course of history. Columbus, in his search for a near route to India, came upon what later proved to be a new continent. James Watt was started on his road to fame by holding a spoon over the spout of a kettle of boiling water. He noticed that when he stopped the steam from coming out the spout the lid of the kettle was forced upward in order to allow the steam to escape. His thought and speculation on this led to the invention of his steam engine.

During the civil war an accident cost the South one of her greatest military leaders, Stonewall Jackson. While the Battle of Chancellorsville was at its height, Jackson was the victim of an unfortunate accident. This happened May 2, 1863. "Firing began along the front by both sides between skirmishes, and as Jackson drew near the line of battle in the dim moonlight, for it was about nine P. M., the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment fired a volley among the general's party. Several men and horses were shot down. Three balls struck Jackson himself, one in the right hand and two in the left arm, cutting the main artery and crushing the bone near the shoulder. The general's horse dashed madly through the woods and his face was brought with violent force against an overhanging bough. Staff officers caught the horse and lifted Jackson to the ground. "General are you much hurt?" said General Hill as he came up. "I think I am," Jackson replied, "and all my wounds are from my own men."

The idea of the Ku Klux Klan was conceived by a fortunate turn of fate. During the reconstruction period, just after the Civil War, the negroes were having their way in the South. One afternoon a prominent South Carolina citizen was sitting by the roadside pondering the question, and wishing that something could be done whereby the whites could regain their rights. It was at this moment that an incident happened which apparently changed the course of Southern history. Two white children were coming down the road carrying some white cloth, and behind the whites were a group of negro children. Upon noticing that the negroes were behind them, the white children darted into the bushes, put the cloth over their heads, and awaited the arrival of the negroes. As they drew near the whites jumped from the bushes and the negro children were so frightened that they fled in a panic. This gave the founder of the Ku Klux Klan the idea of his organization, and the problem of dealing with the negro was soon at an end.

The law of gravitation was discovered by accident. In the autumn of 1665, during Sir Isaac Newton's enforced absence from Cambridge, he was sitting in a garden at Woolsthorpe, and an apple fell near him. Newton began to think on the subject of gravity and there came into his mind the speculation on the power of gravity. Newton asked himself this question: If gravity effects a small apple a few feet from the earth, then can it not likewise affect the moon, which is miles away but larger? This led to the establishment of Newton's famous law of gravitation.

The modern electric motor was discovered by accident, and not invented. "In

1873 there was an Industrial Exhibition at Vienna, Austria, where a number of dynamos were displayed. One day an absent-minded workman connected the wires of a dynamo which was running to one that was standing still. To his surprise the armature began to spin around. It was thus discovered by accident that the dynamo, invented to produce electricity, could be used also to change electricity into power, or that the dynamo is also a motor."

William Henry Perkins was looking for quinine when he blundered into that rich and undiscovered country, the aniline dyes. William was a queer boy, he had rather spend his spare time in a laboratory than do anything else. When at thirteen he was attending the city of London school he heard of a lecture course in chemistry during noon hour. He cut lunch to attend this lecture. Hearing that a German chemist named Hofmann, had opened a laboratory in the Royal College of London he headed for that. Hofmann admitted Perkin at fifteen and started him on his research work two years later. If Hofmann had studied pedagogical psychology he would have been informed that nothing chills the ardor of the adolescent mind like too great a task. If he had heard and believed this he would not have allowed Perkin to spend two fruitless years trying to isolate phenanthrene from cold tar and to prepare artificial quinine — and Perkins would never have discovered the aniline dyes. Soon Perkin set up his own laboratory so he could work overtime. During the Easter holidays in 1856 he was oxidizing some aniline oil when he got what chemists detest most, a black, tarry mass instead of nice clean crystals. When he went to wash this out with alcohol he was surprised to find that it gave him a beautiful purple solution. This was "manve," the first of the aniline dyes, which are used for practically every dying purpose today.

Will Rogers became famous by taking advantage of a rather embarrassing accident. It was Will's ability to stage a "comeback" that gained him fame. While Will was a cowboy touring with a stage show it was his duty to entertain the audience by doing tricks with a rope. One night the theatre where they were appearing was crowded. The program went off spendidly until Will started to jump a loop; his feet became tangled in the rope and he fell. As he arose to his feet he threw the audience into a roar of laughter by calmly replying, "Well, I'd rather have a rope around my feet than around my neck."

The Soul of Nature

Contributed

Behold! Nature in its Splendor—
The budding trees—the blooming flowers
Inhale the freshening breeze—
Enjoy old nature—it is ours.
How beautiful the clear blue sky,
The floating clouds—like on the sea.
Behold! The sun is shining down,
All is so peaceful—let it be.

THE SOFT ANSWER

By L. Hunter

A One-Act Play

ACT I.—SCENE I.

(*The home of Big Gus Morgan, the type of home one would expect of a small-town politician. To the left is an easy-chair with an end table with a lamp on the left. Back center are two large windows. In the center of the stage is a sofa, behind which is a parlor table. Hanging on the left wing is a large oriental tapestry, mounted on a frame, which hangs at an angle.* (*It must hang at an angle because it is essential to the plot.*) *The rest of the furnishings are numerous. There is a door in the back of the right wing and one to the left center of the windows..*

Big Gus Morgan, a stout over-fed man of forty is seated in the arm chair reading a newspaper and smoking a cigar. He is the type of person who takes what he wants, as do most politicians. He reads idly a moment then seems to become interested. Outside someone can be heard washing dishes. He stops reading and turns around as far as he can to the door in the right back.)

BIG GUS: (*loudly*) Molly, come here a minute.

A VOICE FROM RIGHT STAGE: (*After a second*) Yes, Gus.

(*He turns around and continues to read intently. The door in the right wing opens and a woman around thirty, with an attractive face which shows the strain of worry and work, enters, wiping her hands on an apron. She stops opposite the easy chair.*)

MOLLY: (*tired*) Did you call me, Gus?

BIG GUS: (*laying down the paper*) Have you seen the paper? (*He pauses and looks at her. She shakes her head*) Well, your brother was released from the penitentiary this morning. (*He grunts*) If he thinks I'll support him because I married you he'll have another thought. Why, if he bothers us I'll see he goes back where he came from. (*He throws the paper down angrily.*)

MOLLY: (*Sarcastically*) Don't worry, Gus, Dave won't bother us. Dave was a good boy. He didn't—

GUS: (*interrupting*) Well, don't forget what I'm telling you! I'm not going to harbor any criminals under my roof. If he comes he'll go faster than he came!

MOLLY: (*timidly*) Yes, Gus. (*She turns and goes out. Gus continues to smoke and think. He is interrupted by a knock on the door. He looks up frightened, then sighs.*)

GUS: He wouldn't do that! (*He gets up with a relieved look and goes to the door in the left center and opens it part of the way and looks out.*)

GUS: (*throwing the door the rest of the way open*) Good evening, Pritchard, good evening! (*A man of* 35, *immaculately dressed, with a boyish smile, enters with a brief case under his arm.*)

PRITCHARD: (*Laughing*) Well, Gus, you're almost a legislator; how does it feel to be a statesman? (*They both sit down on the sofa. Gus offers him a cigar but he refuses.*)

GUS: Not bad! not bad! (*He leans back*) Well, I always say, if a man wants

a thing bad enough he can get it. Life is a game of every man for himself. If you don't take what you want somebody else will take what you have. Yes, every man for himself, and the best man usually wins. (*He leans farther back boastingly*)

PRITCHARD: You haven't done so bad for yourself—a nice home, —a wife, —lots of money—and now—the legislature and a better chance to make more money—not bad at all!

GUS: (*smiling*) You aren't doing bad for yourself, Dan, when you strung along with me you made a wise move. Now when I go to the legislature this fall, I'm going to see that you are made city commissioner! (*Dan looks at him amazed. Gus resumes*) Don't look so surprised! I've known that you've wanted that office a long time, and, by God, if any man in this town can put you there, I can! I hold the majority of votes in all the districts, and the people had better vote my way or else—well, you know what I can do!

DAN: Yes, Gus, I guess you have the elections in this town well in hand. I sure do thank you. You've always treated me white—and I want you to know I've appreciated it. Why even when mother died you lent me money on our farm so I could pay the expenses. (*He pauses a moment*) By the way Gus, I saw Dave Murphy when I came out, have you seen him?

GUS: No, and I hope I don't. He never was any good, although he is Molly's brother, I never did like him. Once a criminal—always a criminal.

DAN: I guess you're right, but I always thought Dave was a good kid!

(*After a pause a knock is heard at the door. Gus gets up and opens the door. Outside a man about thirty is standing. He is dressed decently but not lavishly. He has an absent stare on his face.*)

GUS: (*angrily*) Well, what do you want!

DAVE: Hello, Gus, you're looking well. You've got a nice place here. (*He pauses*) I thought I might drop by and see Molly for a minute if you don't mind.

GUS: (*Opening the door and letting him in*) Well, come on in. But don't get any silly idea that because I married your sister you can sponge on me. I'm not taking sides with a criminal, even though he does happen to be related to me. Well, sit down! (*He sits down. Gus goes out the door in the right wing.*)

DAVE: (*looking at Dan*) Friendly fellow, isn't he? (*He pauses*) I hope Molly's all right, is she?

DAN: Yes, Molly's fine. She hasn't shown her age like most of us. How have you been, Dave?

DAVE: As well as could be expected. I feel sort of lost with all this open space around me. I'm so used to being penned up. (*He laughs*)

DAN: I guess you feel cold toward Gus, don't you? I always figured he was the one who was responsible for your being sent up the river.

DAVE: Yes, he was.

DAN: (*after a pause*) I guest you heard what he did with all your family's estate?

DAVE: (*softly*) Yes.

(*Dan leans back, then looks at him*)

DAN: What are you going to do about it?

DAVE: Nothing. What can I do?

DAN: If anybody did that to me, I'd kill him!

DAVE: (*slowly*) No. I don't think you would. At first, when I was sent up the river, I swore I'd kill him when I got out. But after I'd spent day after day, with nothing but bars and walls to look at, I changed my mind. Every day I spent locked in that hell-hole, sitting there staring, listening to the cries and groans of those penned-in souls—every hour—every day—year in, year out—God! I wouldn't

go back for all the rice in China! (*He shakes his head. They sit looking at each other, then Dave laughs*)

DAVE: That's over, forever!

DAN: Yes, I guess you're right.

DAVE: Any way, I guess you don't like Gus so well. Nobody seems to. (*He pauses, then looks inquiringly at Dan*) Didn't you used to be in love with Molly?

DAN: Yes, but Gus took her like he does everything else he wants.

(*They are interrupted by Gus and Molly, who come in through the door in the right wing. Molly is crying softly and runs and kisses Dave, who has stood up. Gus follows and sits in the easy chair, looking very angry.*)

MOLLY: Dave, are you all right? (*She sniffs and wipes her eyes.*)

DAVE: Yes, honey—and you?

MOLLY: I'm fine, Dave—gee it's good to see you! (*They go and sit on the sofa, holding each other's hand.*)

DAVE: You've got a nice home here, Molly; are you happy?

MOLLY: I guess so, Dave.

(*A knock is heard at the door. Gus gets up and opens it.*)

GUS: Come in, come in, Jackson.

(*An elderly man and his wife come in.*)

JACKSON: Well, Gus, the missus and myself came around to congratulate you on being a legislator!

GUS: Thanks. (*He turns*) I guess you know Dave Murphy, Molly's brother.

(*They look and nod. Then seat themselves.*)

GUS: (*looking at Molly and Dave*): Well, Dave, I guess you are glad to be out.

DAVE: Yes, Gus, I guess so. (*He pauses*) Funny things happen in five years. When I left Molly was in love with Dan, and now, when I come back, Molly has married you. Things change,—but I thought love didn't.

GUS: Yes, they do.

DAVE: (*jokingly*) I'll bet Molly's still in love with Dan. Are you, Molly? (*He looks at her*)

GUS: (*angrily, jumping up*) Listen, Dave, I'm not going to have you saying such things about my wife. (*He looks angrily at Molly*) If you ever give me an idea that you have chisled on me I'll break your damn neck.

DAN: (*jumping up*): Shut up, Gus! Molly might be your wife, but you aren't going to talk about her like that. Sure I was in love with Molly—and I still am! You might be able to say what you want to about other things but not about Molly. If you ever touch her, I'll kill you! (*Molly runs between them*)

MOLLY: Sit down, Dan. Don't let him make you mad. It's not worth it! (*Dan goes out angrily. She follows him to the door.*)

(*All the time the Jacksons are looking on in horror.*)

(*Molly turns and comes back, standing in front of Gus, who has sat down in the chair again. She looks angrily at him.*)

MOLLY: Gus Morgan, you've humiliated me your last time. Up to now I've taken all your crazy ravings I'm going to take. You're so intent on grasping everything you can, you're like an octopus, always clutching and destroying things and people, well, you won't do it any longer. Mark my words! (*She turns and goes out to the right. Gus, Dave, and the Jacksons stare after her*)

SCENE II.

(*Same room. The room is dark and the moon is shining through the window. A man with a flashlight comes to the window, opens it and climbs in; it is Dave. He comes over to the center and takes from his pocket a roll of wire, some switches and pliers and a gun and lays them on the floor, kneeling beside them.*)

DAVE: (*softly*) No, I'm not going to do

anything—all those years made me soft—yes—(*he laughs softly*) All those years I spent in hell, and I wouldn't kill him. Ha—that's funny! (*He stops fumbling with the tools and looks up*) Five years— five long years—spent with sneaking, thieving criminals, well at least they admitted they were criminals. All the time I was there Gus was living in luxury—he and Molly. They took all that I had in the world — they killed the only thing I loved —poor mom—but they'll suffer—just as I have suffered!

(*He picks up the flash light, the wire and the gun and walks over to the left wing. He moves a chair under the tapestry and takes it down. Then he screws the gun to the wall, aiming it at the easy chair. He hums to himself as he works. After attaching the wire to the gun, he places the wire behind the moulding around the left wall to the back wall until he comes even with the easy chair and the lamp. He runs the wire down behind the curtains and under the rug to the socket where the lamp on the end table is. He fumbles around then stands up and surveys what he has done. He walks over, inspects the gun, then walks back to the end table and screws the bulb out of the lamp. Then he sits down in the easy chair and snaps the switch on the light. The gun clicks.*)

DAVE: Perfect, it works perfect.

(*He goes back, loads the gun, cocks it, then hangs up the tapestry in front of it after having placed a silencer on the gun. He goes to the center of the stage* and *kneels down again where he placed his tools. He leans back on his haunches to rest.*)

DAVE: Well, I guess this will fix you! You swine! Tomorrow night when you sit down to read your paper I'll be sitting at the sheriff's office, what better alibi could I want! It's perfect, you die, Molly and Dan will be blamed—you destroyed me — sent me to prison—made me suffer unnecessarily for what you did—O. K.—now it's your turn. Everything you have amassed I will enjoy—all your wealth will be mine, well, I deserve it, don't I? I suffered enough because of you to enjoy what you expect to enjoy! Yes—that's life, someone else always enjoys what we intend for ourselves, and only the man who has suffered can realize that!

(*He puts the tools into his pocket and gets up and goes back to the window. He puts one foot outside, then looks back and tips his head with his hand.*)

DAVE: Well, so long, Sucker!

LULLABY

Move gently night breezes,
Waft softly night air,
My loved one lies dreaming,
Steal away her care.

Sing a lullaby night bird,
From out of thy vale,
Mix perfumes, O sweet flowers,
To fragrance her bed.

Trip lightly little fairies,
And bring her sweet dreams,
Steal away the foul nightmares,
And hush their wild dreams.

Stay dawning, move slowly,
Let her slumber last long,
O' Day full of sunshine,
In her heart put a song.

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RUSSIA'S RELIGION

By Ralph S. Bryant

The collapse of any and all kinds of religions in Russia today is the result of careful and methodical planning by its leaders. Russia, under the present rule, will stand for nothing which tends to be individualistic; the person as a being who has personal ambitions, aesthetic qualities, or ideas of his own is a menace to the government and is therefore not to be tolerated. The destruction of religion has been one of the steps in the process of excluding anything that might cause such tendencies.

Some of the devices that have been used in this suppression of belief in a Supreme Being are ingenious and quite interesting.

Recently one of the leaders of the old regime died and at the same time one of the Soviet leaders. The latter was embalmed by men who are probably the world's greatest in the art. The former was left unpreserved. Then the two were laid out in state and thousands came to pay last tribute to their leaders. As they passed by the biers, they saw the one, lying there in perfect repose, looking as though he might raise himself and address the people once more. Then they moved on to the next casket. There they saw the horribly drawn and distorted face of the other. It was carefully explained to them that the first they saw was a man who had believed in the new mode of living, in work, in the government, while the second had put his faith in some kind of mystic and distant "God", and just look at the difference!

To the peasant mind, of which Russia has so many, this constitutes a convincing proof that there is no such thing as a God.

Sovietism also has an eye to the future with regards to abolishing religion. Its methods are very systematic and thorough, too.

When Russian mothers go to work in the morning, and they all do, they leave their children at a sort of great kindergarten. The children carry their meals and stay till the evening when their mothers come for them. Here they are given blocks and mechanical toys to play with. They build models of some great locomotive that will do more work than any other, or of the great threshing machines just imported from the United States. Then they go out into the yard and sing jingles about how much horsepower the new dam will develop, or how much wheat is being exported. Thus their childish minds are completely diverted from God and instead are focused on machinery, work, industry. Truly Soviet Russia's next generation should not trouble them with religious tenets.

In this same nursery, the children are called out into the open and the instructor tells them that they are to plant a garden —two gardens. One is to be theirs and the other is to be called God's garden. The children will care for one, and this being called God, the other, and then they will see who has the best garden. So the children set eagerly to work. Their plot of ground they tend carefully all summer, watering, weeding, cultivating it. Finally in the fall a beautiful harvest is gathered. God's garden, lying untended under the hot sun all summer is only a baked spot of hard clay. The conclusion in the childish minds is simple—there is no God, or, if so, He is a weak and powerless one.

While traveling in Russia once, an American came across a large marble slab

from some church thrown down at a pig sty to cover a mud puddle. All appreciation for art and beauty is departing with the religion.

In the city of Leningrad, there is a magnificent cathedral whose dome is overlaid with solid gold. The rays of the late afternoon sun, slanting through the trees which surround it, are reflected to all parts of the city. This cathedral is being torn down and by its side a large factory is rearing its head.

Surely work is the religion of Russia—and machinery her god.

GREEN MANSIONS

By F. R. Atkinson

'Tis on a sultry day I romp
Into a scintillating swamp.

Spirals of wild, rampant green,
Towering in majestic lines,
Let me linger here unseeen
And find shelter in your vines.
Let the tropic torrents fall
From relentless clouds on high,
Here within this mystic wall
I await a fairer sky.

I perch upon a cypress knee,
A crude but handy pedestal,
And let my fancy ramble free
Amid the beauty oriental—
Of nymphs in robes of silk and gold
Dancing in the slanting rain,
Of groaning, honkling sounds untold
Except by wretched frogs, I feign.

Transfixed upon the cypress knoll,
I breathe the fragrant, swampy air
And watch a thousand creatures stroll
Along prosaic earth laid bare
When lo! The pageant fades away.
Green shadows now pervade the scene
And angry clouds, as in display,
Shoot down an arrow, gold and keen.

Why sit I here as though beguiled?
Nature raw is seldom mild.

DAGGER DAN

By L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.

When I woke up it was black as pich. I thought it was about the middle of the night, so I just lay still. After a while I heard the clock down stairs—four strokes! I eased out of bed so as not to waken my kid brother. I didn't want that tagging along. I hurried into my clothes, took my shoes in my hand, and started that perilous journey down the steps. I didn't make a sound either — boy, I've sneaked down those stairs times on end. I even opened the front door without so much as a squeak. The cold pavement felt good to my bare feet. I tossed my shoes under the front steps, deciding that it was time to go barefooted even if mother didn't think so. Then I struck out for Bill's house.

Everything was gray and scary. There wasn't a soul on the street. Of course, I never saw a soul, but I'm sure there were none out then. Anyhow, I decided to put her in high gear—I was at Bill's house in no time. And Bill, the scoundrel, wasn't even awake. Now far be it from me to say anything against my best pal, Bill. So when I call him a scoundrel, I mean that he is the finest fellow alive. Well—daunted not at all, I picked up a handful of sand which I threw against the screen over Bill's bed, hoping that some of it maybe would fall on him. And it was only a moment before he appeared at the window rubbing his eyes and spitting. That just goes to prove that I'm not star pitcher on the Junior League Baseball Nine for nothing. Bill was out in a jiffy—he hadn't even buttoned up his pants. He said, kind of breathless, "We better scram. I heard my ma." We went over the back fence like my old cat does when a dog's got a grudge on him.

When we slowed down to a run, I said to Bill, "Boy, you're going to catch it when you go home."

"Yea, I guess so," agreed Bill, "but we've got to see Dagger Dan." Which were my sentiments, exactly.

When we got to the circus grounds there were the railroad cars and the big trucks. And such a noise—oh, the noise of a circus just come to town is music in my ears! Half-dressed men were hustling around everywhere. Bill and myself ambled up to a big man with a cigar, and Bill, who had called my good-luck piece heads when he ought to have said the opposite, gulped once and stuttered, "Mister, we . . . . er . . . .

"Hello there, boys. Sure—sure. Here, Perce — here's two young roosters who want a job. Let 'em carry those pegs."

Say, did you ever carry pegs at a circus? I've done it several times, but this is the funniest — Let me tell you. Bill and myself had our arms full of pegs—just like wood. The fellow who was holding the pegs would take one and put it in place. Then Perce—Perce is the clown, you know—Perce would raise his hammer high up in the air. The other fellow would move the peg and Perce would come down hard and hit the ground. He would roll his eyes and say, "Boy, I shore hit that baby. I bet I knocked it plumb down to hell. I bet old Satan's some angry." Bill and myself had fits. Yes sir, I'd like to carry tent pegs all my life. That's the thing I lite to do most—except, maybe, play ball.

After the tents were up we carried some water which the keeper gave to the elephants. Notice who gave it to the elephants—you won't catch me too near those

fellows. Then it was time for us to go to school. We told Tim—he was the big man with the cigar—and he said, "First show at three this P. M. Come on down. Papa will be at the gate."

"Where's Dagger Dan?" I asked. Dagger Dan was the man whose picture was on the billboard right across from our house. He was throwing daggers at a beautiful lady. The daggers were sticking right next to her and she wasn't scared a bit. She was smiling.

"Dagger Dan's asleep in one of them cars," said Tim. "You can see him this P. M. Run along now."

We could tell that Tim wanted us to scat, and we did. I've already told you where we had to go. I don't like that place—I don't even like to say the name of it, and I'm not going to write a word about it in this story. You can be sure we had a fine time there, what with a circus being in town.

As soon as Bill and myself were out of that place where we had to go, we set out for the circus grounds. Go home?—No sir! We were in trouble at home. Any regular fellow knows that you want to let trouble wait as long as it will, and that a circus just won't wait. We got there eary. People were waiting outside, but Tim wouldn't let them in. Boy, Tim was some dressed up! He had on checked pants and a long black coat with a flower in the buttonhole. He was smoking a cigar about a foot long. When he saw Bill and me he winked at us and let us go on in. Inside, everything was ready to begin, and Bill and myself were the only customers come yet. Bill said, "Let's find Dagger Dan before the show begins."

We looked in some of the cars. They were just like houses—had beds and tables in them, and curtains at the windows. Most of them were empty. Then we came to one and there was Dagger Dan. He looked just like the picture on the billboard. He had on a red vest and green trousers. Handsome, too—his hair was black and curly. Boy, he had the muscle! The lady was in there too. She was dressing, and she just had on her underclothes. I was going to move away but Bill said it didn't matter about circus people. So we watched. The lady walked by Dan and he caught her, held her close to him, and kissed her. It made a fellow feel warm all over to watch them. Then Dagger Dan pushed her away. He growled, "Was you out with Perce last night?" He looked mad.

"No." She shook her head and her yellow curls danced.

"Somebody said they saw you."

"You don't believe that, Dan. Kiss Rose." She tried to put her arms around his neck.

"Swear," he said, holding her away.

"I swear 'fore God," she said, "I hope a dagger will cut me." She drew her finger across her neck. Then they were close together again.

Some people were coming in, so Bill and myself moved off. Tim was busy at the gate. We went up to him, and I asked, "Is Dagger Dan married, Tim?"

"No. That bum . . . ."

"Well, we saw him and Rose, and he was kissing her," said Bill.

"Oh, Rose? Yes — why sure, they're married—sure. Run along to that tent over there, now, and you'll see Dagger Dan do his stuff."

Bill and myself sat on the front row. Lots of people were there. Dagger Dan walked out and smiled. His teeth were white. He drew a red dagger from his belt and threw it at a large white board about fifteen feet from him. It stuck. He threw another and another until he had made a star. Then he bowed and

smiled. Everybody clapped.

Rose came on the stage. She looked beautiful. She had on a white dress and little white shoes. A rose was in her hair. She went to the board and pulled out the daggers. Some of them were stuck in deep. When she had them all, she gave them to Dan. Then she stood in front of the board and held out her arms. Dan's arm came up. Boy, I held my breath. The arm flashed down and there was the red dagger right above Rose's white wrist. That close, and it didn't touch her! I slipped back in my seat. The arm flashed again. Closer still!—Too close! A thin stream of red showed on Rose's arm just below the shoulder. The dagger had scratched her! The room gasped. Dan stood with his arms dangling by his sides. Rose smiled and nodded her yellow head. Dan smiled back, kind of scared. His arm flashed up — down — Somebody screamed! For an instant I saw a crimson blot on a white dress. Then a crowd —policemen.

Trouble sure broke loose when I got home. I got a sound walloping. I cried a long time too, but it wasn't from that. I was crying for Dagger Dan. They put him in jail. Why, he didn't mean to do it. I bet he hated it worse than anybody. He loved Rose and they were married — Bill and I know.

STREAM LINES

By F. R. Atkinson

I.

The silly symphony of rhyme
That strains itself to be sublime
Is just an artificial tool
For the reminiscing fool.

II.

Be
Different!
Use fanciful free verse,
In keeping with the modern theme —
stream line.

A Sin In South Carolina

By J. R. Cross

In 1871 the people of South Carolina achieved freedom through suffering, toil, and death. They aspired to a goal and gained it, for they were an aggressive people. As time passed on there grew up in South Carolina an aristocratic class, a middle class, and a so-called "white-trash" class. Whatever may be said of South Carolinians of that period, we must say that they were patriotic and in every field carried forward the truth as they saw it.

In 1856 the people of South Carolina fired on the *Star of the West* and brought the Civil War from under cover. When this war was over and the people of South Carolina had passed through one of the darkest periods of history, when we had driven the greedy northerner and the traitorous southerner from our land, then South Carolinians — plain men of simple tastes who had the future of South Carolina at heart—went to work to bring our State back to civilization. The backbone of the old South Carolina became the backbone of the new. Not the aristocracy nor the "white-trash", but the middle class—those men who owned a few hundred acres of land, who worked and sweated, were courteous and simple, genuinely religious, and who called black *black*. This sober-minded man was the economic and moral fibre of South Carolina. He stood up for his convictions, brought about our denominational schools, and educated his children to live honorable lives, to love their fellow-man, their country, and their God. This man stood for progress and carried the best of the old South Carolina over into the new.

In 1914 a State referendum brought about a mandate for State Prohibition, then the World War came on and the General Assembly ratified the 18th Amendment. *They did this because they did not want liquor placed before their children.* But the sad thing is that many of those who voted dry, drink wet.

Why do South Carolinians act like this? What has become of the straight-forward nature of a sturdy middle class? Why is it that the people of South Carolina—who could produce a Francis Marion, an Andrew Jackson, a John C. Calhoun, and a Wade Hampton — cannot even produce men who will stand up for their convictions — though they be wrong? Why should South Carolina be that glorious State of the Past? Why should she not be that glorious State of the Present? It is because public opinion is diseased, indignation is a lost emotion, and there is no live interest in elections. One look at the corruption and hypocrisy in which not only our government but our very people are steeped would reveal this fact. Every sign visible is that the Republic South Carolina is a dead thing — though harmless perhaps in itself. Brave enough in time of trial, but in some strange manner it has lost its memory and is sundered from its aggressive nature of the past.

"God of our Fathers, known of old,
Lord of our farflung battle line
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

South Carolina does not forget the glories of her past, but she fails to relive those glories of the future. The past of South Carolina—with all of its traditions —is a dead thing, if we do not make it into

a living, progressive present.

We—the *Youth of South Carolina*, challenge you, the home, the church, the school, and the government, to practice your tecahing, "Stand up for the truth and go forward." You tell us not to live in vice. You tell us not to drink liquor, but you drink your liquor. It is the same as placing food before a starving man, and expecting him not to desire it. We do not do what you tell us to do; but what you do. When you come down from your lofty pedestal and help us to practice what you preach, then South Carolina must go forward for the best of the old South Carolina is sleeping within us; and it is our sacred duty to awaken that best and to put it into the new South Carolina of the present, to have a greater South Carolina of the future.

BOOK REVIEWS

JONATHAN BISHOP

By Herbert Shermon Gorman

By J. R. Cross

The chief characters of this novel are: Jonathan Bishop, a 20 year old American in Paris; Mme. Zink, a woman of the Court of Napoleon III; Dr. Evans, an American who is dentist for the Imperial family; Louise Michel, a bastard daughter of the nobility and a well educated school teacher; Washbourne, the American envoy extraordinary who is a friend of Jonathan's father; Jules-Auguste Barrilliet, a valet-de-chambre who dies at Sedan; Markam, an American politician attached to the embassy; Baron d'Eze, a nobleman; Goultier de Saint-Just, a man with violent ideas of the rights of the proletariat; the Marstons, an American family living outside of Paris; Comte de Fouquembergues, a nobleman with rotted teeth.

Time—from July 15, 1870, to May 28, 1871.

Place—France, meaning mostly Paris.

The story begins at Dr. Evans' house where Jonathan is attracted by Mme. Zink—a woman whose place at court is doubtful. From then on the story is the story of Jonathan and his life in France. He is caught up by Parisian life and the spirit of the Franco-Prussian War. He falls wildly in love with Mme. Zink and has an affair with her but runs away when he finds her unfaithful.

He is greatly influenced by Goultier de Saint-Just, but refuses to engage in his Communistic plots. When the populace rises up after the Prussian victory, he helps the Empress to escape from France, and is later impressed into the Communistic service under the name of Jules-Auguste Barrilliet. During this time he—with all of Paris—passes through a starving hell.

In the meantime Mme. Zink has fallen in love with Goultier, but because of her love for him betrays him on condition that he will be spared when Paris falls. Goultier kills her for this—the only woman he ever loved.

Finally the Communist troops are hard pressed and lose block by block to the Republican troops under MacMahon. They retreat to the *Cemetiere de Pere-Lochaise*. Jonathan finally succeeds in escaping, but is struck by a bullet and dies. He is buried as Jules-Auguste Barrilliet.

"Jonathan Bishop is one of the finest historicau novels ever written in Ameri-

ca." The hero is a fictional character, but the background with its episodes is well-documental. The conditions represented are accepted as facts; and in the dramatic flight of the Empress "the story is based rather closely on *The Memoirs of Doctor Thomas W. Evans.*"

Th estory might be called *realistic romanticism·* The author uses much of the realistic technique, but the story is essentially romantic; it deals with the life of one man, is filled with all the qualities of 19th century romanticism—one critic says Gorman has borrowed the rapid fire story telling of Dumas. In this book there is always the presence of fate, with much humor, tragedy, splendor, squalor, and wisdom mined in.

It is a best seller, and drew so much attention to its qualities that it is to be produced on the screen.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL

By Rearden Conner

Allan R. Broome

Rearden Conner tells of how he always wanted to write: "Since the age of nine I have always had the itch to write. My first attempt was an effort to emulate my favorite author of Buffalo Bill 'Four-pennies'. My second, at eleven years of age, was a book of essays written laboriously into a heavy ledger. At thirteen years of age I had an article accepted by a monthly magazine for boys . . . . For fourteen years thereafter I wrote and wrote without once seeing a word of mine in print." The only article of Rearden Conner's published up to this time was dealing with the distress of Ireland since the rebellion in 1798. *Shake Hands With The Devil,* the next of his writings which were accepted, deals, also, with the same affairs in Ireland, but many years later.

Conner was born in Dublin in 1905 and was educated at a Dublin school and at Presentation College at Cork. He was a landscape gardener by trade and wrote as a hobby. Before he became a landscape gardener he had been clerk and civil servant in Ireland, and in England, "a navvy, a door-to-door canvasser, a furniture-porter, a peddler of photographic enlargements, a salesman, and a coal merchant's 'tout'." After his father was murdered by the Irish Republican Army he gave up all plans and decided to enter the service himself. After the revolt was over he was not permitted to go back into Ireland and he took up his abode in London. The following two years saw the variety of jobs already mentioned and the writing of the book *Shake Hands With The Devil.*

This book was written rather quickly. Conner only found time late in the evenings to spend on his writing. And at that time, because of his hard day's work, he could never write longer than an hour or two. However, his work as landscape gardener helped him a great deal. All during the day he would be planning his conversation and working out his situations so at night, when he sat down to write, he could write without stopping.

This book tells some of the things that really happened in Ireland during the year 1916, but the book was not dispatched to a publisher until May, 1933. Some have asked why Conner waited so long before producing the book. "The explanation is simple," replies Conner. "In the first

place I did not think (until after the spate of war novels) that such a subject would be welcomed in fiction. And in the second place I suffered personally in the trouble, and, therefore, I was not capable of writing an impartial book until the years had mellowed my memories."

There may be a great many who will expect to find in an Irish novel that kind of comedy which is characteristic of much of the Irish literature during the nineteenth century, or perhaps a glorification of the Celtic past, or full of poetry and myth. Rearden Conner, however, belongs to the new school of Irish writers who seem to be a group of realists. He would be compared in American writers to Stephan Crane or Earnest Hemingway more than to his Irish predecessors.

The subject of this book deals with the trouble between Ireland and England which led to the establishment of the Irish Free State. Mr. Conner did not take only one romantic narrative that happened during the conflict, but he has given an accurate record of the actions of a part of the Irish Republican Army in the conflict of the year 1920.

Mr. Conner has proven his ability by selecting a number of characters with entirely different ideas and sentiments to show the feeling of most all classes concerned. His principal character is a young Dublin medical student, half English and half Irish, who, accidentally, falls into an act of violence against the "Blacks and Tans" and takes refuge in the Irish Republican Army. In his conversation with the soldiers on the inside and neutrals on the outside he brings out a great many interesting facts.

Shake Hands With The Devil is not only a novel but it also establishes a great many historical facts and brings to the front many military maneuvers. This book was chosen by the Literary Guild of America as the best written and published in the month of February, 1934. Anyone who enjoys reading a historical novel of any kind will certainy thrill over *SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL.*

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ETTITER'S APOLLIGY

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, *all things being equal, and being of sound mind and sound body, do hereby confess all guilt and accept all blame for anything appearing within the pages of this publication, and do hereby beseech all readers of said publication to take no offense at anything appearing therein. However, in the event that any of said offense be experienced, the undersigned will be glad to discuss the matter with the offended at the soda fountain of the Elite.*

L. MOFFITT CECIL, JR.

J. BURNS CANNON, JR.

IN MEMORIAM

As a tribute to one whose faithful counsel and advice has been an inspiration to the constructors of this periodical, the staff respectfully dedicates this issue of The Churnle to the memory of our friend and counselor, George Baker.

"HE SLEEPS TO WAKE NO MORE"

STASTISTICKS

BEST LOOKING ..... *Richard Cecil*
MOST INTELLECTUAL ..... *Ed Mason*
MOST POPULAR ..... *Bennie Allen*
CUTEST BOY ..... *Lon Bouknight*
HEAVIEST COURTER ..... *Cleo Mooneyham*
MOST CONSCIENTIOUS ..... *John Goodwin*
MOST UNCONSCIOUS ..... *T. Marion Bennett*
LAZIEST ..... *George Baker*
BEST-ALL-ROUND ..... *Mae West*

GREAT MINDS AT WORK

"Never spank a child on an empty stomach."
—*Peter G. Wottasnozzle.*

"I would rather be right than be president."
—*Goodson.*

"I would rather be president."
—*Gerald DuBose.*

"Victor Hickman is the essence of everything that is pure and noble."
—*A Limestone Student.*

" "
—*George Baker.*

LAST IMPRESSIONS OF THE STUDENT BODY

"SO WHAT?" ..... *Holman Gossett*
"DUX!" ..... *Mason, Parnell, and Adams*
"CAPTAIN SMITH, IS CAMP ON THE NRA?" ..... *Ed Mason*
"YEES, INDEED!" ..... *Worth Adams and the other songbirds*
"NOT YET" ..... *Humble Harley*
"YET INDEED" ..... *Charlie Branton*
"ER...ER...ER" ..... *George Baker*

RECORD OF THE YEAR'S WORK OF THE SNYDER LITERARY SOCIETY:

Portrait of audience at the Freshman Declamation

THE LAST QUESTION OF THE EDITORS

"WHO GETS THE MONEY FOR THIS ISSUE?"

:-: ANSWER :-:

(*By George Baker*)

"I DO. AND THAT'S NOT ALL I'M GETTING FROM THIS ISSUE. IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A PREACHER CUSS."

BOOK REVIEW SECTION

T. MARION BENNETT, *Editor*

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

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